THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume III | New York, Wednesday, January 20, 1926 | Number 11

CONTENTS

What of the World Court? 281
Week by Week 283
In Newman's Name 287
One Year of the Church. Charles A. McMahon 288
In Defense of Science .....D. W. Fisher 290
The Proof of Seeing. . Elizabeth Ward Perkins 292
Brave Young Austria .....Margaret Adams Schmidt 294
Sea Thunder (*verse*) .....Harold Vinal 295
A Character .....Padraic Colum 295
Agents of Tolerance. . Nicholas Murray Butler 297
Whitman and the Wayside. George N. Shuster 298
Paestum (*verse*) .....Mary Dixon Thayer 298
Communications 299
The Play .....H. L. S., H. W. 301
Books .....Cuthbert Wright, Mary Kolars, Walter V. Anderson, James J. Walsh, Joseph Dunney, Edwin Clark, Thomas Walsh 302
The Quiet Corner 307

WHAT OF THE WORLD COURT?

SHALL the people of the United States love, honor, and obey the World Court as established by the League of Nations? The question is no longer nice and academic. In all probability, the Senate will reply in the affirmative during the next few weeks. But the concluding stages of the debate have revealed the rather surprising fact that this alleged advance toward the establishment of international peace is urged by those who have dodged with dexterous diligence the labels of pacifism—by a conservative and careful majority against the "radical" minority. Accordingly, the average citizen is convinced that the measure is safe rather than startling. If it is not guaranteed to do very much, at least it is insured against undoing a great deal. Reservations in steadily growing number have done all that is humanly possible to render the venture fool-proof. Have they also made it innocuous?

The idea of a world court is bound up with the concept of international law—a venerable old thought cherished by the peoples of antiquity, by the Christendom of the middle-ages, and by a variety of modern jurists. Therefore, it is salutary to turn, in the midst of the contemporary discussion, to a book as able as The World Court, by the distinguished Latin-American jurist, Antonio S. de Bustamante. And the first point which rivets one's attention, apart from the vague, immemorial yearning for some judiciary that might settle disputes between nations, is the fact that modern statesmen have set up two world tribunals—the Hague Court of Arbitration, and the Permanent Court of International Justice. To the first of these we have adhered rather uneventfully for a number of years. We are now invited to join the second. It would seem, then, that the important matter for us to settle now is this: Does the Permanent Court mean an advance upon the Hague Court? Is it likely to achieve more in codifying and applying international law?

Those who read M. de Bustamante's analysis without prejudice are likely to concede that the new court is superior in organization, method, and sanctions to anything which has antedated it. The judges have greater security and more scope for notable action. Details of court procedure have been outlined by men skilled in the art. But vastly more important is the sanction conceded to the new court—the support of public opinion made concrete in an association of peoples having certain common interests and laws.

It is the League which can make the Court powerful, by agreeing to abide by decisions rendered, and by submitting—or causing to be submitted—disputes for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authoritative arbitration. History proves that the men who assembled at Versailles hoped to establish just this relationship between the two institutions. And, as a matter of fact, there is practically no limit to the number or the nature of problems which the League can turn over to the new judiciary; nor is the firmness with which decisions are upheld anything else, at least in theory, than what the League considers practicable and appropriate firmness. For the first time in human history, therefore, a potentially strong public opinion is invited to enforce the peaceful settlement of international controversies. The novelty and importance of this fact are stressed by de Bustamante. "There is a third possibility," he says, commenting upon the sanctions of the World Court, "and the current is turning in this direction. Since all, or almost all the nations and their colonies and self-governing dominions now form one social organism for certain joint purposes, this organism, which must have force and authority, might well assume the duty of enforcing the judgments of the Permanent Court of International Justice, in case the defeated nation resists the decision."

Stuffing peace down obstreperous throats is, after all, a humane idea. But here, as everywhere, having and eating one's cake cannot be simultaneous. If the force which supports the Court is public opinion as voiced by the League, then we must be willing to accept that opinion at its face value. People who insist that the two organizations are not connected seem to seek shelter behind a somewhat awkward logic: clearly, if the Court as organized has any sanction at all, that sanction is the League; and as soon as you separate the two, you go back to the old Hague Tribunal and the status of international arbitration before 1918. In what way is the Permanent Court an improvement worth discussing unless by reason of the support it can get? Now the reservations insisted upon by Congress, and by the people of the United States generally, tend to destroy the connection between the two international organizations. By the very impact of our desire to use the Court independently of the League, we sever the two, weaken the sanctioning power, and help to undo the work which was expected of the new judiciary. We declare for the one, provided we are clearly understood to be declaring against the other; we tear asunder what intention had joined together.

Is that helping the World Court? Obviously not, because it is in substance an attempt to revert to the Hague Tribunal in everything excepting name. If this new judiciary is really a better judiciary, then we are doing the world a gross injustice by attempting to revamp it according to our reactionary specifications. That is to say, unless the present effort is being made as part of a resolute program to slip the United States very gradually into the League—as gradually as the entrenched opinion of the voting population will admit. Such a program may or may not be unwise. The point is not under discussion here. But unless we are willing to accept at least the moral power of Geneva as a salutary and abiding influence upon the conduct of international affairs, it is hard to see why we are flirting so desperately with the Court. Such flirtation, if honest, means only that we expect nothing beyond what might just as well be achieved by the older methods; and that the Coolidge-Harding-Hughes World Court is a sham behind which a nation, unwilling to risk the burden of new international responsibility, is taking cover.

Now it would seem from de Bustamante's discussion of the subject that a line of conduct much less questionable is open to the United States. The program of the fifth Pan-American conference, held in Santiago, Chile, during 1923, listed the following topic: "The consideration of the best methods for extending the application of the principle of judicial or arbitral settlement of disputes between the republics on the continent of America." A delegate from Costa Rica submitted, in fact, a plan for such a court, based upon the previous experience of Central American peoples. The conference resolved to appoint a commission of jurists to consider the subject; and a report will be made at the next session, to be held in Havana during 1926. This idea has been strongly opposed, particularly by those who sponsor closer association between the Americas and Europe. But there are many reasons why it should be most earnestly considered and, if possible, made to become a reality.

First of all, the League is the international destiny of Europe. We may join it if we care to do so, but the contemporary policy of trying to coöperate with it through a stone wall is ridiculous and futile. Meanwhile, such power as we have to aid the cause of amity among nations and the development of communal law is being recklessly squandered. Joining the World Court! The process bears all the ear-marks of cautiously agreeing to cash a stranger's check which is without a figure. By coöperating with our American neighbors in the creation and development of a tribunal such as the one proposed, we could enter freely and fearlessly upon a course that might be of inestimable service to peace. Then at some later date we should, perhaps, find a more open and agreeable road toward copartnership with Europe in the enforcement of international covenants. The unforgettable object of all present effort is the prevention of war. Whatever reservations statesmen have made in giving it their support, the ideal has never been lost sight of, and, when it has appeared to be in jeopardy, pronouncements on the part of speakers entitled to be listened to, have restored it to its fitting prominence. Would the adherence of the United States to the World Court of the League promote this object? We do not know. Would coöperation between American republics help to attain it? Most assuredly. It is high time an effort were made to capitalize the moral of this comparison.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

HENRY LONGAN STUART

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS JAMES J. WALSH

CARLTON J. H. HAYES R. DANA SKINNER

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

THE most recent report on European social agencies by that diligent observer, Father Edwin V. O'Hara, is concerned with Catholic rural work in Spain. During the last fifteen years, prominent men throughout the wonderful old kingdom have awakened to the need for an enlightened and thoroughly Christian attitude toward the problems of agricultural life. It was Antonio Monedero, a landowner of Palerma, who first worked out a theory of coöperative organization among his dependents; and later a brilliant editor, Angel Herrera, succeeded in inaugurating the movement that since has become the National Catholic Agrarian Federation. Today 5,000 local unions and more than three hundred thousand families adhere to this body, which operates loan and savings banks, stimulates coöperative buying and selling, maintains social centres, and publishes a number of journals and dailies. The names of those who guide the destinies of the good work include some of antique honorable prominence; and the support of the bishops is constant. When one remembers that the social principles of Pope Leo XIII's encyclical are firmly sponsored by the federation, it is clear that the cultivation of spiritual principle is considered of primary importance. "At the very head of its book of rules," says Father O'Hara, "is inscribed the list of duties of laborers and employers as laid down by the Pope. A leading principle of the federation tends to the elimination of the class conflict between owners and workers by enabling multitudes of workers to secure possession of a few acres and pass into the ranks of owners." This is good news, when agriculture is being widely discussed here.

IF such a report is a reason for turning to Spain with renewed interest, another is supplied by the notable statement issued by ex-Ambassador Alexander P. Moore. Here for once is a man who did not bottle up his mind on reaching Spain, to bring it back unchanged, unmellowed, and dismally stale. After commenting upon industrial and commercial facts which should be of interest to American business men, Mr. Moore commented tolerantly upon the existing Spanish government. "There is no question that it is a dictatorship," he said, "and that one man mainly controls it. In my mind, however, it is a benevolent dictatorship. General Primo de Rivera, to my mind, is one of the greatest strategists in Europe. Without much fuss or noise, he brought peace to his country." It is also of great interest to see that the ex-ambassador did not fear to express a frank opinion concerning a certain Spaniard who, calamitously enough, has been boomed into a representative of his country. "Ibañez is practically unknown in Spain. He hasn't lived there in twenty years. The people don't seem to know much about him. The Spaniards who do know Ibañez—the intelligent and intellectual Spaniards—regard his propaganda as advertising to help the sale of his books, which are written for his American public." Thus does the cat come leaping out of the bag. And certainly not a whit too soon. It is high time that more than a few should laugh at this concocter of war stories in which the battles are painted on stage sets, of blood-and-thunder stew in which the elements are unsavory and stereotyped, and of political pamphlets even more ridiculous than those stilted codes of chivalry which brought a smirk to the lips of great Cervantes.

THE word by which the late Mr. Bryan throve and failed was "monopoly," now once more so far to the front that it has awed Congress into a tremendous traffic jam. Regularly and distressingly "monopoly" becomes the topic of the nation's official conversation. Just as regularly and distressingly the subject is dropped again. Nobody can dispose of it once and for all, because nobody—or practically nobody—is interested in really drastic housecleaning. The present inquiry into the business conduct of the Aluminum Company of America is a case in point. If the company has violated the anti-trust statutes, the offense must be dealt with as promptly as possible by the Department of Justice; and the facts should be placed at the disposal of whatever portions of the public may be interested in them. But the spirit in which the Senate is investigating this alleged wood-pile—like the spirit which governed the memorable explorations of oil—smacks of a desire to conjure up a spectre if none be really present. The onus thus placed upon the Attorney-General makes it extremely difficult for a competent man to proceed patiently with the routine of his office. A monopoly is the one thing around which we can unhesitatingly throw an assumption of guilt;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is the one bogey which could summon to action so languid a supervising agency as the Federal Trade Commission; and it also is something about which nothing is ever done. Plainly, however, the Aluminum Company is abetted by other causes in the lending of publicity to monopolies.

ATTEMPTS to secure government subsidies for a rival "rubber trust" have been stopped by the decisive language of President Coolidge and Secretary Hoover. It is clear that the administration does not share the desire, undoubtedly well organized on the fringes of Congress, to pledge the United States to imperialistic enterprise foreign to our historical purpose and our welfare. Gratifyingly enough, Mr. C. B. Seger, president of the United States Rubber Company, opposed government interference in the existing situation. But inevitably the discussion has completed the circle and come round to the tariff—the Banquo's ghost of the present Congress, which stems the swift current of action and promises to stop the machinery that apparently had been so well oiled and so admirably adjusted. There is a connection between one monopoly and another. There is also a plainly discernible connection between the tariff and certain monopolies. Representative Hull's enumeration of specific instances in which "discriminatory provisos" of the tariff law act to advance and establish prices cannot be neglected because it cannot be denied. It would seem that the mention of rubber has been, therefore, abominably poor Republican strategy. The Democratic wrecking-crew already had two sticks of dynamite ready to hand —the farm-products situation, and the detail of aluminum. But who could have foreseen that the gods, unadulterated Republican gods at that, also would grant them rubber?

EVERYTHING that one reads about Premier Baldwin in the public prints recommends him a little more warmly to our regard. A self-made man, and called from political obscurity to be the constitutional head of the greatest empire on earth, the process seems neither to have swelled his head nor spoiled his temper. He is, quite evidently, humane, and the famous "surrender" in the case of the coal-miners proved that he had the courage of his humanity. The success of his government in the thorny field of international-debt settlement probably owes a good deal to his common sense and refusal to be flurried. Every recorded speech and political act of his is evidence that the British Conservative government has at its head a man who is a compendium of the sweet temper, and love of fair play that once earned his country the title of "Merrie England." The rumors of cabals against him by the meaner spirits of his party, in view of the character of their leaders, should increase the popularity of this Conservative leader with all right-thinking men and women.

THE suspicion that a philosophical temper lay at the root of Mr. Baldwin's poise and good manners has been long in order, and his recent speech before the British Classical association, which the New York Times alone among New York papers afforded the space it deserved, puts the matter beyond doubt. The theme of Mr. Baldwin's speech was the rise and fall of empires. Laying aside professional optimism for the occasion, he had a good many things to say that do credit to his scholarship and insight. Taking up the old, old parallel of the fall of Rome, and applying it to present dangers "not yet gripping us by the throat but taking a grisly shape in the twilight" he voiced a conviction that not luxury, nor "urbanization," but a failure in the seriousness implied in the two words "pietas" and "gravitas" was the prime cause of the collapse from which modern European history begins. "How, before the Roman legions left Britain, the Roman word no longer could be trusted," he held a more significant portent than "the aggregation of people in the cities and the growth of wealth and luxury."

ALL parallels drawn from the fall of Rome are dangerous things, as Georges Sorel, in his Ruine du Monde Antique, has pointed out, with the bleakness and honesty of thought in which few modern writers surpass him. Material happenings, sometimes of the most fortuitous character, have a way of their own of deflecting the course of history. There is even a school of material historians who argue that the great fall was due to the lack of a mechanical armature able to keep so widespread an empire together and which, thanks to our many inventions, we possess today; hence that comparisons with the ancient world are largely valueless. Mr. Baldwin takes higher ground. But even he does not seem to notice the fallacy that lurks behind his appeal for a return to the virtues that build empires as a specific for their preservation. Piety and gravity are tremendous forces. But they have this inherent flaw in them when applied to material ends. Inevitably their rewards become the object of the national worship, and sheer fear of disturbing or endangering these breeds the spirit that is Pharisaism in the religious sphere and Toryism in the political. Rome fell because all it had to offer was "more of the same." Christianity superseded it because the contagion of its promise seized upon the imagination of millions whose happiness all the baths and temples, the theatres and triumphs, had failed to secure.

READ in the light of Mr. Baldwin's sober misgivings for the future, there is added significance for a report just brought home by Mr. Asher Hobson, who has been American delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. What Mr. Hobson sees, in the smaller countries of Europe, is a resolute return to the system of peasant proprietorship which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave Rome its early strength, and in the homeland of the biggest empire of all, such a decay of agriculture as recalls the dying end of the Roman empire far more vividly than any classical parallel ventured by the British premier. Military necessity, Mr. Hobson believes, is working the revolution which economic wisdom failed to achieve. The feeling that, in the last resort, every country must be self-sufficing or perish, he holds responsible for a vast expropriation of land now taking place in eastern Europe, where the big estates are passing wholesale into peasant hands, and where the concentration upon agrarian production is breeding serious trouble in the future for the present foreign markets of the American farmer. Meantime, "in England agriculture was never in more need of attention." Only one-fourth of tilled land is owned by those who work it, the average minimum weekly wage of the agricultural worker, "which is a good index of the wages paid," is $7.70; while the dole paid to the unemployed worker is $7.00 a week. In other words, the inducement for bending one's back to the plow instead of leaning it against a wall in the receiving line, is a matter of seventy cents. The problem only has to be stated in this crude fashion for its seriousness to be apparent, and for the "panem et circenses" of the Roman downfall to assume a sudden and sinister actuality as one of the "danger signals" concerning which Mr. Baldwin warned his audience.

THE discovery in Palestine of the tomb of Philip d'Aubigny, signer of Magna Charta and soldier of the Cross, is interesting, if only because it calls our attention once again to the spiritual simplicity and humility that was so strange a counterpart to the violence and splendor of the middle-ages. Like his better known contemporary, Simon de Montfort, reverenced popularly as a saint for generations, beneath whose splendid armor, when slain, the despoilers found a hair shirt, d'Aubigny seems to have had a positive passion for abasement before God. Returning as a simple pilgrim to the city he had entered in the panoply of the conqueror, his last request was that his body should be buried, not in the Basilica of Jerusalem, but resting on its foundations, and in such a position that all who entered the church must pass over his remains. The place in which the tomb has been unearthed shows that his instructions were carried out to the letter, and are fresh proof of how often truth is enshrined in tradition, and of how often what the positive historian affects to regard as pious legend is the bones and marrow of history.

ONE other consideration suggests itself from the contemplation of such an illustrious figure as this meek soldier of the Cross. The noble of the middle-ages, "riding in arms like flame," was a very magnificent and over-weening figure, and historians of the progressive school, who love to show him to us toppled from his war horse and into desuetude by the archer and master-gunner, are entitled to their complacency. But at least he paid for his heyday (generally a brief one, according to actuarial standards) by an honest exposure to major perils. His was a life rather splendid than comfortable, and very, very insecure indeed. Seldom could he have been able to stretch his limbs before his fire with an assurance that the fiery cross was not on its way to him. His charger had not often to be ridden for exercise. The penalty he paid for being on the less fortunate side (the feudal system did not provide for staff billets) was very frequently death, if not on the battlefield, then on the scaffold.

THE old blind king of Bohemia, bidding his vassals lead him into the thick of the rout that he might strike one blow before he died; the little son of the French Dauphin clinging to his father's armored legs (the boy should have been at prep-school) and bidding his sire: " 'Ware right, Father!—'ware left, Father!" are figures of whom it is hard to read, even today, without a catch in the throat. Death in bed was an experience so foreign to the habits of the mediaeval noble, that when he found himself in any danger of it, he not unfrequently, like good Philip d'Aubigny, donned cowl and sandals and went on pilgrimages where there was every chance of finding what was coming to him in the great out-of-doors. What makes the modern conception of nobility, especially in Philip's own country, such a sham is that the old conception of paying for privilege with danger has gone from it. The hither side of the velvet and the ermine, the coronets and the escutcheons, and all the swank and glitter of hereditary rank have come to be a life of frowsty security for which the enriched (and often ennobled) stockbroker might have set the pattern. Your old-time noble paid for dignity with danger—for respect with responsibility. Your modern peer is peer—to every other rich man on earth.

REVIEWS and encyclopedias are always monuments of a certain progression in thought. They mark a goal attained, and give the rallying cry for further advance. Hence, the news that students of Catholic philosophy in this country have incorporated under the title, The American Catholic Philosophical Association, and that one of the first enterprises they are to undertake will be the publication of a quarterly, especially devoted to scholastic philosophy, must be regarded as one of the most important intellectual events of the new year. Nothing is so little understood in this country as the essential hardness and clarity of patristic lore. Glib writers have been so busy entertaining the profane with stories of angels balanced on needle-points that an impression of the science of the fathers as a futile and academic affair is very general. Catholics know that the very contrary is the case, and that much of our loose thinking and habit of forming un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sound and half-baked conclusions comes from the neglect of the logical system inculcated by these men of old. Empiricism and pragmatism have ravaged our thinking to such a disastrous extent, their repercussion on what used to be termed the "exact sciences" is so apparent, that a return to harder and closer reasoning is essential even if the fabric of the attained is to be preserved to us.

THE new review starts its existence under auspices which, we are quite sure, will render it a worthy addition to such organs as the Révue Thomiste, the Cahiers Catholiques, the Etudes, Les Lettres, in France; the Belgian Révue de Philosophie, the German Wissen und Glauben, the Spanish Razón y Fé. The extent of the darkness which it will be called upon to disperse may be gathered from the editorial statement this week in the New York World, a daily which rather prides itself upon its sophistication, that the habit of accepting a doctrine "whether we know it is right or wrong," is one "positively mediaeval." It is to be hoped that before the new quarterly is a year old, its diffusion will be of such a sort that no writer who even pretends to education will be willing to set his hand to so preposterous an inversion of the truth.

THE announcement of a new quarterly to be issued by members of the Society of Jesus in the United States also will be met with a glad welcome from all Americans, Catholics as well as Protestants, who are interested in the cause of truth, culture, and religion in their relation to our national life. The board of editors of the new quarterly certainly promises a rare program of interest and enlightenment—Wilfred Parsons, editor of America; Francis P. Le Buffe, Vincent A. McCormick, Austin G. Schmidt, Moorhouse I. S. Millar, and James J. Daly are impressive names to students of philosophy, science, education, and literature. The breadth of judgment and taste in their selection is an augury of a fine periodical, whose orthodoxy none can question and whose learning will be high above the average. The new quarterly may be assured of the good will and coöperation of The Commonweal and of all the journals of thought and real progress that are published in the United States.

THE eminent Swedish architect, Ferdinand Boberg, stands today unchallenged at the head of the modern movement in his native country. The post office in Stockholm, the House of Parliament, the Rosenbad hotel, the Nordiska Kompaniet, and the residences of Prince Carl and Prince Eugen, all give evidences of a vivid organic nationalism, of massive strength with a goldsmith's delicacy of ornamentation. His great church of Saltsjöbaden gives the impression of an almost Byzantine grandeur and reverence such as are seldom found in the churches of the north. Therefore, the exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum of some five hundred of Ferdinand Boberg's original drawings calls for special attention on the part of art lovers. These sketches and finished pictures have great artistic value. Some of them represent his earlier technique, reminiscent of copper etching; others, the large scale and broader method of charcoal sketching, which reveal the architectural and natural beauties of historical and modern Sweden in a spirit at once austere and sensitively sympathetic.

WE owe this very timely favor and inspiration for our native architects to the suggestion and patronage of the Honorable Robert Woods Bliss, United States minister to Sweden; to the generosity of Mr. G. Hilmer Lundbeck of the Swedish-American Steamship line; and to the extraordinary courtesy of the Northern Museum of Stockholm. It is an education and a revelation in art to survey this copious illustration of Swedish achievement which Ferdinand Boberg presents to us in his life-long work. It would be useless to begin to specify the various pictures that seem most successful, as each student connoisseur will make his own choice of interest, romance, and instruction in this very remarkable display at the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

THE effort to make journalism a trained and dignified profession is not abating, but people are getting down to brass tacks in their discussion of the trade. Time was when a raw recruit from the classroom went forth with visions of how to reform the press, and then came back to dear alma mater three years later from a job covering the stations at $25.00 a week. Now the American Association of Teachers of Journalism can succeed in treating itself to a convention which, apart from the invaluable contacts between instructors and men in the harness, has brought forth pertinent statements on a great many aspects of practical journalism. We listened with particular attentiveness to Mr. Walter Lippman, of the New York World, who seemed to codify the best of what everybody had been saying in his talk on what the training of a newspaper man should be—not specialized knowledge or omniscience, but ability to distinguish a reliable person or authority in time of need. If this equipment prevailed, the press would become a magnificently useful agent for the destruction of shams. With reviewers who really know something about literature; with dramatic critics not wholly unfamiliar with the story of the stage; with editorial writers whose knowledge of the political past includes a little more than what their grandfathers told them—well, thus armed, the triumph of American journalism would be almost too handsome. As yet we are rather far from the goal. But a survey of books in various fields of history and literature, written during recent years by men engaged in work for the press, will go far toward illuminating anyone still believing that education has not modified the character of modern editorial offices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN NEWMAN'S NAME

THERE is a classical firmness in the maxim which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, addressing the seventh annual Newman club convention, proposed for meditation—"Against the intolerances of barbarism, those of us who care for the intellectual life, for the things of the spirit, must teach, preach, and exemplify tolerance."

Tyranny often has been very harsh and vindictive, but there is no brutality like the cruelty of ignorance—ignorance especially in the sense which was so often the theme of Cardinal Newman's thoughts—ignorance of psychology, which assumes that highly differentiated human natures, the products of old and complex environments, can be made to fit one mould or formula. And we must suppose that a man like Newman would be deeply thrilled by the spectacle of a vast throng of young men and women who, while being educated in the arts and the lore of professions, have organized themselves into a strong body for the sake of Catholic faith.

Crowds are in themselves impressive, but crowds stirred by principle cannot be resisted. When the idea of unifying Catholic students attending secular institutions of learning was first entertained, theoretic and practical difficulties seemed to bar the road to success. But year after year the Newman clubs grew in number and strength, so that each annual convention in its turn eclipsed the brilliant achievement of those which had gone before.

It is well to add that the gain has not been merely quantitative. It is now practicable to invite the members to participate in tasks which extend beyond the boundaries of college life, and so prepare for leadership in the performance of civic obligations. This year, for instance, the Very Reverend William J. Duane, president of Fordham University, stressed the duty to "let others see that Christ is still living"—that the Divinity of the Redeemer is the central fact of destiny, culture, and government. Mrs. Michael Gavin, speaking as president of the New York Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women, emphasized various ways in which Newmanites might join in social work.

But, perhaps, the brightest moment in the convention's story was when the Reverend J. Elliot Ross, the presiding chaplain, announced that one suggestion of importance already had been acted upon—that "there are about seventy volunteer teachers from Newman clubs" to perform the task of giving religious instruction to Catholic pupils of the public schools of New York City. These first fruits show clearly that the hopes which underlay the founding of the Newman movement were not illusory; and obviously, the zeal and patience of many chaplains will earn still greater rewards.

But if good work has been done, it is still more essential that good work should go on being done. Recent surveys indicate that the number of Catholic students attending secular colleges is about forty thousand, and larger than the total attendance at Catholic seats of higher learning.

This is certainly not an ideal situation, but certain circumstances indicate that it is likely to be a permanent one. The Bureau of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has compiled statistics which indicate that over 55 percent of those graduating from Catholic high schools seek additional university and college training. Likewise, the number of Catholics who complete courses in the public high schools is constantly increasing. What shall be done with this bright and bustling multitude? If it becomes steadily more obvious that religious conviction and moral rectitude are priceless gifts which the Church can make to American life, then certainly even the civic conscience urges that everything humanly possible be done to make the seed-time of education a period of spiritual growth, not of decay and drought. We believe that almost every secular educational institution of consequence realizes this fact, and is ready to offer the Newman clubs a cordial welcome. Naturally, the Catholic views the problem in its higher and more intimate aspects as well—knowing that in the household there is, as nowhere else, the bliss of obedience and the glory of peace.

One comes away from a convention sponsored and conducted by these young people, with new admiration for their steadfastness, their seemingly disciplined coöperation, their readiness to display a sacred flag. There is everything here of which to be proud. But the staggering proportions assumed by this comparatively new problem of education may well have their weight with us.

The existing thirty-eight Newman club groups are not enough. The total enrolment in these clubs is not enough. And the resources of schools conducted under Catholic auspices are, likewise, not enough. Limitations and needs are obvious on all sides. Is there any way in which they can be disposed of effectively? Whatever may be the response of the future, it seems clear that we must achieve the hearty coöperation of all our educational agencies, and support loyally, frankly, and intelligently whatever wise authority terms worthy of support. For the words of the great Cardinal whose name the movement has chosen as its title, have an immemorial cogency. "We see at once a momentous benefit which the philosopher is likely to confer on the pastors of the Church. It is obvious that the first step which they have to effect in the conversion of man and the renovation of his nature, is his rescue from that fearful subjection to sense which is his ordinary state. To be able to break through the meshes of that thraldom, and to disentangle and disengage its ten thousand holds upon the heart, is to bring it, I might almost say, half way to Heaven."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE YEAR OF THE CHURCH

By CHARLES A. McMAHON

AN OFFICIAL summary of the progress of the Catholic Church in America during 1925 is not the intention of the present article. What follows in simply a brief résumé of some of the more important activities which took place during the past year, and in which a great variety of Catholic agencies participated. Even this summary serves very well to emphasize the wide-spread interest of American Catholics in matters of social welfare. Many things are necessarily omitted; those referred to will undoubtedly prove of general interest.

Since the question of education is, of course, of paramount importance to Catholic people, the epoch-making decision of the United States supreme court, in the appeal of the Oregon school cases, was an event of prime interest. The appeal was conducted by the administrative committee of archbishops and bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and resulted in the unanimous decision of the United States supreme court, upholding the lower federal district court of Oregon which had declared the law unconstitutional. The power of the decision appears in the monumental simplicity of this sentence as contained in the opinion written by Justice McReynolds—"The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this union repose, excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the state; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

In September, the Catholic school system opened its doors to 2,461,850 pupils, that number representing the total enrolment in Catholic universities, colleges, seminaries, high schools, normal training and elementary schools, which today are staffed by more than fifty thousand religious teachers and 3,000 lay teachers. It is estimated that the cost of maintaining during 1925-26, the 7,000 elementary parochial schools in operation in the United States will amount to $140,620,872. During the past year, the diocese of Pittsburgh alone raised nearly $6,000,000 for the extension of its parochial school system; the diocese of Indianapolis raised $1,000,000 for a central Catholic high school; and the Seattle diocese raised a million dollar diamond jubilee fund, a large portion of which will be spent in extending its diocesan school system. The examples quoted are typical of the generous financial support which Catholics are according their school system in the various dioceses of the country.

The enrolment of the Catholic colleges now totals 60,000 students. A marked increase in the growth of central high schools has attended the development of the Catholic secondary school system. The health education movement also has developed rapidly in the Catholic elementary schools. More than thirty dioceses adopted the parent-teacher association plan of coöperation between school and home during the past year, and the movement is spreading rapidly.

More than two thousand delegates, representing the Catholic colleges, seminaries, high schools, and secondary schools throughout the country, attended the twenty-second annual meeting of the Catholic Educational association, held in Pittsburgh last June.

One of the most pleasing developments in the Catholic school work during 1925 was the added emphasis given to civic education. Practically every Catholic elementary school now stresses this important subject in the seventh, eighth, and higher grades. The result is an attainment of one of the objects of the nation-wide civic education campaign conducted for seven years by the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

The home and foreign missions engaged the attention of a great variety of Catholic agencies, religious as well as lay, during the year. According to the official report of the pontifical work of the Propagation of the Faith for the fiscal year 1924-25, Catholics of the United States contributed more money for the support of foreign missions during that period than was distributed by the Propagation of the Faith from the funds donated by fifty-three nations, the American Catholic contribution to the foreign missions amounting to 42,413,253.79 lire. Financial figures for the home missions are not at hand.

The September meeting of the American Hierarchy, held at the Catholic University of America, established an American Board of Catholic Missions, and provided for a unified, national control of funds contributed by parish and diocesan organizations toward the home missions. Members of the new board are: Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, Bishop Kelley of Oklahoma, Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne, Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh, Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, and Archbishop Daeger of Santa Fé.

The Catholic Medical Mission movement was organized in the United States during the past year at a meeting of missionary leaders and physicians held in New York City during August. Two important results of this meeting were the formation of a Catholic Medical Mission Board and the founding, in Washington, D. C., of the first house of the Society of Medical Missionaries.

During the year, Chicago was selected as the place, and His Eminence, Cardinal Mundelein, as the sponsor of the twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gress, to be held in the United States from June 20 to June 24, 1926.

The supreme object and end of the Congress is to spread, more widely, devotion to Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament; to stimulate greater love for the Holy Eucharist; and, by a public manifestation of faith, to make at least partial reparation for the indignities committed against Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar. It is expected that the meeting of the Congress will bring a million Catholic visitors to Chicago, including cardinals, bishops, and church dignitaries from every country on the globe.

The past year, being Jubilee Year, was attended by many pilgrimages of American Catholics to Rome for the purpose of gaining the indulgences of the Holy Year. There were large delegations of clergy and laity from practically every diocese in the United States, which will receive next year, through a special act of the Holy Father, the privileges of the Jubilee celebration. Of great interest to American Catholics making the pilgrimage to Rome, in addition to the six canonizations which took place, was the beatification of the Jesuit martyrs of North America.

Some of the principal Catholic conventions of the past year were: the fifteenth annual meeting of the Catholic Press association, at St. Louis; Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, Chicago; Franciscan Educational Conference, Cincinnati; Catholic Education association, Pittsburgh; Daughters of Isabella, Atlantic City, New Jersey; Ancient Order of Hibernians and Ladies' Auxiliary, Atlantic City; Knights of Columbus, Duluth, Minnesota; the third annual meeting of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, St. Paul; Catholic Union of Ohio and Catholic Women's Union, Cleveland; sixty-ninth general convention of the Catholic Central Verein of America, Cleveland; national conference of Catholic Charities, Washington, D. C.; the fifth annual meeting of the National Council of Catholic Men, Washington, D. C.; annual meeting of the American Hierarchy, Washington, D. C.; annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women, Washington, D. C.; and the meeting of the American Catholic Historical association, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The American Catholic Historical society has launched a movement to complete the collection of materials for a history of the Catholic Church in the United States in time for the tercentenary of Catholic Maryland in 1934.

One of the most representative gatherings of the Catholic women of the United States was the fifth annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women, held in Washington from November 15 to November 19, 1925. The organization has been most active in promoting a modesty in dress campaign, and its resolution on this subject received wide publicity. Throughout the year, the Council and its 3,000 constituent societies also waged an active campaign against the birth-control propaganda and the publication and circulation of salacious literature.

The National Catholic School of Social Service is a project to which the Council and its constituent organizations and members are devoting themselves. This school is maintained at 2400 Nineteenth street, Washington, D. C., and has been referred to as "the consecrated tabernacle of a great ideal."

In September, 1925, the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of the United States gathered at the Catholic University in annual meeting to receive the report of the administrative archbishops and bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. This organization was continued as the official agency of the hierarchy for Catholic welfare work. The September meeting reëlected the following members of the Conference's administrative committee: Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, archbishop of San Francisco, chairman; Most Reverend Austin Dowling, archbishop of St. Paul, chairman, Department of Education; Right Reverend P. J. Muldoon, bishop of Rockford, chairman, Department of Social Action; Right Reverend Joseph Schrembs, bishop of Cleveland, chairman, Department of Lay Organizations; Right Reverend Edmund F. Gibbons, bishop of Albany, chairman, Department of Laws and Legislation; Right Reverend Philip R. McDevitt, bishop of Harrisburg, chairman, Department of Publicity, Press, and Literature; and Right Reverend Thomas F. Lillis, bishop of Kansas City, a member without portfolio.

During the past year, through its Rural Life Bureau, the Conference intensified its work in the rural parishes, giving especial attention to the development of the religious vacation school movement and to the organization of catechetical classes. The religious vacation school movement now is launched successfully in more than twenty dioceses in the United States. Its program is built around catechetical instruction for children in parishes where there is no parochial school, and is aided by organized groups of the laity. Supplemental programs emphasize health and recreation.

The Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, fostered and promoted by the Social Action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, held its third annual meeting in Chicago on June 24 and June 25, devoting its attention exclusively this year to a discussion of injunctions, employee insurance, conciliation and arbitration, and women in industry. The method of the Conference is that of discussion—discussion of the pivotal and outstanding problems of industrial life. No votes are taken on questions of industrial policy.

A movement, destined, it is believed, to be far-reaching in its influence, and enlightening to Catholics and non-Catholics alike concerning the Catholic attitude toward questions of current interest, is the Study Club movement of the Conference. Last year, unit courses of study in the following subjects were prepared and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

widely distributed among Catholic organizations: elements of American democracy, current legislation, the Catholic press, the boy problem, the Catholic ideal of life, Catholic education, the Christian family, the Mass, girls' welfare, the Church and rural problems, the labor problem. Outlines in preparation are: immigration, social service, history of Catholic charities, and women in industry.

Radio talks based on these outlines were broadcast during the year from Station WLWL, launched during September, 1925, under the auspices of the Paulist League, and conducted from the Church of Saint Paul, the Apostle, in New York City. The Paulist station, which is one of several organized under Catholic auspices during 1925, in addition to broadcasting the usual entertainment programs, features sermons devoted to Catholics and non-Catholics, talks on Catholic Apologetics, A Religious Question Box, and explanations of the various movements forwarded throughout the country under Catholic auspices.

Organization of immigrant aid and follow-up in more than half of the 101 dioceses of the country took place last year under the auspices of the Conference's Bureau of Immigration, which maintains an extensive immigrant aid service at Ellis Island, with branch offices in New York City and other ports of entry. The Bureau has devoted special attention to immigration conditions on the Mexican border where there is great need of work of this kind among the constantly increasing number of Mexicans emigrating to this country.

During the past year, Cardinal Hayes inaugurated a model probation system in the Court of General Sessions, with trained social workers, mental clinic, employment bureaus, and other progressive facilities. The new organization is financed by the Catholic Charities of the New York Archdiocese, and has the complete backing of all of its social resources.

The Conference continues to maintain an international news service at its Washington headquarters. Nearly one hundred Catholic newspapers published in the United States and elsewhere subscribe to it.

The program and policy of the Conference's Bureau of Motion Pictures, which is interested in elevating the artistic, entertainment, and moral standards of the screen, have been accepted by practically every Catholic organization and many non-Catholic ones.

The Federated Colored Catholics of the United States, representing thirty-eight affiliated organizations, held an important meeting in Washington during December, during which the delegates adopted a definite program for the advancement of the Federation's work with especial emphasis upon the Christian education of colored youth.

On November 6, 7 and 8, the first convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation was held in New York City. The organization's aim is to advance the educational and spiritual ideals for which the Catholic colleges of the country were founded, and to draw more closely together, socially and intellectually, men who have trained in these institutions. It will work along the same lines as the International Federation of Catholic Alumni, which has an active membership of 60,000—graduates of 455 colleges and schools.

IN DEFENSE OF SCIENCE

By D. W. FISHER

A REMARKABLE feature of so scientific an age as the one in which we live, is the fact that so many people fall down when they start to say what the true essence of scientific method is. This may happen to anyone, but it very frequently happens to Christian apologists. In a recent article Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, for example, suggests, not that there is reason in religion, but that there is practically nothing but faith in science. He says, for instance, that "by faith Newton grasped the idea of gravitation," and "by faith Darwin seized on" the idea of evolution. Now all such talk as this is a serious indictment to bring against science and great men of science. And I am led to suggest here some defense, not of reason in religion, but of reason in science.

A man who weighs his words will hesitate to maintain that Sir Isaac Newton grasped the idea of gravitation by faith. Consider for a moment what he actually grasped. In fact, the peculiar merit of Newton lay, not in grasping the mere idea of gravitation, but in grasping the idea that the same force of gravitation which pulls an apple toward the earth, pulls the moon toward the earth and keeps her to her orbit, and also pulls the planets toward the sun and keeps them to their several orbits. Now on the face of it, it must be plain that the great physicist never grasped all this by faith, but that he grasped it by some other operation of the mind. Newton, in fact, laid hold of the theory of universal gravitation, not by an act of faith, but by a very complicated act of mathematical inference; an act which no one hitherto had had the genius to carry out.

Indeed, if we take a strict view of human psychology, we are justified in saying that no man ever grasped anything at all by faith. A man may assent to an idea by faith, but he cannot grasp it in that manner. The only way he can ever grasp a thing is by some act of intellectual apprehension. And in the case of Newton, it is especially obvious that an act of intellectual apprehension was going on. It is especially absurd to say

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Newton grasped the several hundred pages of definitions, axioms, propositions, and corollaries in the Principia by faith.

But, while a man of Dr. Fosdick's views does not hit the mark exactly, he hits something in the neighborhood of the mark. While Newton did not assent to the idea of gravitation by faith, and much less grasp it by faith, he did, in fact, assent to something else by faith. While faith does not play the part in science it is sometimes said to play, it does play some other part. And, in the interest of a respectable idea of science, it is of real importance to determine what this part is.

A scientist does start from a faith or conviction, as Professor A. N. Whitehead recently pointed out in his book, Science and the Modern World. He starts from a faith that there is some order of nature; some law of nature. It is a mistake to say, as is said sometimes, that this faith merely rests on observed facts. On the contrary, it often runs beyond the evidence, and often is held in spite of the evidence. A scientist who really is on the firing line of discovery, often is convinced that there is a law in the facts with which he is dealing, even though at the moment the facts do not point to any law, or else point dead against it. A faith that there is an order of nature, and that the human mind is able to grasp it, is the foundation of all progress in natural knowledge.

But this is a meagre admission, compared to what a fideistic writer like Dr. Fosdick suggests. It is one thing to say that by faith Newton held that there was some law of nature. It is a different thing, and a much more debatable thing, to say that by faith Newton held that his own particular idea of gravitation was a law of nature. And, of course, he did nothing of the sort.

As it happens, we know something about the way in which Newton did reach the view that his idea was a law of nature. He first conceived the notion in the year 1665—the year in which he was forced, by the Great Plague, to leave Cambridge. But he did not jump to the conclusion that his idea was correct. In fact, he put the idea aside for a time—he found that it led to inferences about the moon which did not agree with the observed motion of the satellite. Some years afterward, a new measurement of the size of the earth, made by a French astronomer named Picard, came into his hands. Using this, Newton saw that his formula brought out results which agree with the known facts about the behavior of the earth and the moon. It took Newton about twenty years to deduce the consequences from his idea of universal gravitation, and to test them with reference to the facts then known about the members of the solar system.

It is necessary to concede that Dr. Fosdick almost hits the mark in another particular. As one can see easily in the case of Newton, a scientist may have more than a mere faith that some idea is a law of nature—he may have a fairly tenacious faith that his own idea will turn out in the end to be a law of nature. He does not believe precisely that he is justified in saying his idea is true; but he believes he is justified in trying to find out whether or not his idea is true. The idea looks plausible; it looks probable. A great creative scientist often has faith in his idea in this sense of the term. But this only means that he has the sort of faith in it that leads him to spend years checking the idea against the evidence.

We might pursue gravitation further, and pass from the idea of Newton to the idea of Einstein. And this transition would reveal nothing to support the notion that faith is the organ of the mind by which a scientist deals with a thing like gravitation. Just as Newton arrived at one gravitational formula by an act of mathematical analysis, so, in recent years, Einstein has arrived at a slightly different formula by a slightly different act of analysis. There is no basis at all for the suggestion that Einstein grasped his gravitational formula by faith; on the contrary, it is plain that he grasped it by an exceedingly abstruse branch of reasoning, which mathematicians call tensor calculus.

And there is equally little basis for the suggestion that Einstein assented to his idea of gravitation through faith. He himself hardly can be said to have done much to test it, but other people have undertaken to test the new notion. Several years ago, some of them journeyed to Africa and South America, and there turned their telescopes toward the stars, in order to find out, under conditions favorable to observation, precisely what happened to light when it passed close to the sun. They brought back evidence which strongly indicated the conclusion that Einstein's formula was a better statement of gravitation than Newton's. And it is obvious that the organ of the mind they employed in this investigation was sense observation, and not faith.

The work of Darwin brings out the same fact about faith and science. Anyone who says that Darwin seized on the idea of evolution by faith, says something which is partly meaningless, and partly misleading. As Darwin expressed it himself, the thing he seized on was the idea of the origin of species by means of natural selection. Now it must be plain to anyone with a slight grasp of psychology that Darwin seized on this notion, not by an act of faith, but by a rather complicated act of intellectual apprehension. And, in fact, there is no great mystery about the actual steps of his procedure. As a young naturalist, Darwin extracted the idea of the mutation of species out of the intellectual atmosphere of his day—the idea was familiar to many people, and had been familiar to his grandfather. Then, during his five-year voyage on the Beagle, he noticed a number of facts which appeared to confirm the idea of mutation in a striking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manner. And finally, as he explains, while reading Malthus's essay on Population one day, he seized on the idea that the mutation of species was caused by natural selection, or what was afterward termed the survival of the fittest. As he put it, he "had at last got a theory by which to work." But it is nonsense to suggest that it was by faith that Darwin got hold of this idea about the change of species.

It is still worse to say that it was by faith that Darwin assented to this idea. He did not proceed like a man moved by faith, any more than Newton did in similar circumstances. What he did do was to wait some twenty years after the idea had first occurred to him before he gave it to the public. During this time, as well as afterward, he checked his theory in a very painstaking manner against the evidence he was able to collect from the world of plants and animals. It may be that in the end he came to believe his theory. It may be that in the end he came to think, not merely that his theory might be a law of nature, but that it was a law of nature. It conceivably may be that he was in a measure mistaken. But it is hardly fair to Darwin to suggest that he seized on his theory by faith.

And it is hardly fair to any scientist to say that he proceeds by a method of faith. He may hold by faith that there is some law of nature. He may even hold in this manner that the idea which has just entered his head may turn out to be a law of nature. But I doubt that he ever goes further by means of faith. A real scientist certainly never goes so far as to seize on some special article of scientific doctrine by faith, and then tell other people or even himself that it is a law of nature. The minute he does that, he is doing the one thing a real scientist never does.

THE PROOF OF SEEING

By ELIZABETH WARD PERKINS

MAN is slow to discover the obvious. It would seem evident enough as the world shrinks at the touch of science, and facts multiply overnight, that in order to teach anyone to relate these multitudinous facts to himself and the universe, the mind itself must be trained to turn its powers in any required direction.

A deliberate attempt to return to a basic principle is the only short cut to such a training—indeed the only way to acquaint any human being with contemporary opportunity in the time given to education.

Children are profoundly interested in causes. Every early question can be reduced to the formula—"What makes the wheels go round?" The character of their elders determines whether this instinct for hunting causes is smothered by convention and adult lazy-mindedness. For every small child is doing his best to educate himself until his early curiosity about causes is educated out of him. He is asking every one he meets the eternal question—"Can anything happen without a cause?" On his final answer to this question depends whether the man he is to be commits himself to reason or chaos. Assent serves chaos. An emphatic "no" carries back of many causes to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Education might be said to consist in the cultivation of the ability to hold causes steadily in the mind while observing, classifying, and producing effects.

If we can add to this aim a training in direct responsibility based on an objective personal measure, education is secure to carry the heavy burden of an age in which the pace of the machine has out-distanced the human stride.

Man must retain the use of his legs even when the aeroplane has lifted him from the face of the earth. The human stride and reach cannot be superseded.

These two necessary points in the renewal of education—the retaining of causes in the mind and an objective personal measure—can be covered in a natural and vigorous way through the use of the only language common to every country in the world.

If we put the thought of art aside and forget the convention that special talent is needed for drawing, a graphic language may be freely used for personal expression and as a record of mental action, and a sure means secured for the basic training required.

Everyone—old and young—can look and make some objective record of his look. Keen observation implies not only seeing, but thinking and feeling also. There is no better way of proving what we see—how we see—or whether we see at all than through the effort to clear our minds by the statement in some graphic form of what we have seen.

The result may be elementary but it gives a true graph of the mind by which can be read both the story of accomplishment and of what is needed for better thinking and, therefore, better seeing.

In this way, it becomes possible to stimulate observation, to give each individual a unique personal measure of his own mental state as well as to restore the one language that can be called universal.

Fifty years ago, music was only for the talented. The children who had no ear were lost to music until the mind behind the ear was recognized as a factor and the discovery made that nearly everyone could make the necessary mental adjustment.

The same facts are only at the beginning of their application in the case of drawing and the problem of technique is being solved in the recognition that whatever the mind can clearly conceive the hand can do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the mystery placed, where it belongs, in the personal equation of the artist.

Every child has an impulse to draw and there are but few people who would not like to express themselves in graphic form if they could be relieved from the responsibility of producing art. On these human impulses a course in observation has been developed free from mechanical means, and designed to train the mind through the objective measure of drawing and painting to keener and more orderly thought.

A beginning has been made in teaching according to this basic order in music within its own subject—the art of music itself is taught as interpreted by a chosen instrument rather than "how to play the pianoforte." For the most part, however, we still teach subjects and facts with faint gropings for correlation but no authoritative effort to establish the thought of cause as a subconscious mental habit.

As a result of our present methods the self-made man or woman, forced by necessity to the consideration of cause and effect, often succeeds when the thoroughly schooled person remains a mediocrity.

The experiment of developing a course in observation was initiated six years ago by Charles Herbert Woodbury the painter, drawing being used with a double purpose—as mental training in the accuracy of thought necessary for real observation and to give the measure of that thought through the means used to express it.

While the drawing has no connection with art as such or with an attempt to make a picture, it should lay a firm foundation for both and give the only possible basis for an appreciation of the arts in the conviction that the artistic sense is not an isolated phenomenon but the superior development of a common quality. Although a better seeing is the first object, good drawing must be the result of that better seeing.

The originator of the plan has stated that the intention is not to establish a method, but certain principles for the development of which practical means have been found. If more direct means to this end can be suggested, they will be tested and substituted for the means already in use.

After six years of laboratory work with pupils of all ages from three to seventy, all doubt had been removed as to the many-sided possibilities of a course in observation and the practical success of the means employed. It was felt that the results of the experiment might be published and the work continued in a larger laboratory.

Those who use the training for better seeing and thinking are acquiring, in a minor degree, the equipment of the mature artist and sharing his point of view to the measure of their capacity. Children brought up in this way will look at pictures with understanding. The separated worlds of the arts and of practical living will tend to become one as older persons also gain a new insight into the artist's intention through their personal efforts.

The gradual reëducation of the public must take place before drawing and painting can be generally considered from this point of view. Instead of disclosing subject only, a picture will be read as the story of an idea or of a sensation. The intention behind the line or color will be questioned and the work valued for integrity of intention and performance.

The means discovered toward this end are, according to one authority, "what any fool can do and yet the masters are still trying to do." Children of seven and mature persons tell their graphic stories using the same alphabet. The elders' first attempts are like the children's, for, in an age of universal reading, many of them have never looked clearly and with thought at nature or any object. They have lived in words that are symbols after all, and their contact with reality is limited to the weather. When their eyes have been opened, objects change from things to be used or avoided, to fresh material for the arts of thinking and seeing. The discovery is made that nature is the final motion picture, with the price of the continuous day and night show well within reach if one chooses to pay the price.

It is an unfortunate result of our history as a pioneer nation that a large proportion of the active men feel baffled and helpless because their lives have furnished them with no clue to the enjoyment and understanding of the fine arts. A portrait or a monument contains its own excuse for being, but the man of affairs often suspects a pose when he finds no practical reason for the preoccupation of others with the indefinable. He also has an angry suspicion that he even is lacking in business values, for some pictures bring large prices and highly paid art is invading the field of advertising.

A course in proved observation without emphasis placed on any less practical quality will give the major part of our male population the rules of the most alluring game in the world—a chase in which the quarry is swifter than any fox—the pursuit of the permanent in the passing, the capture of the significant moment as it flies.

If the teaching and practice of such a training are consistent, useless conventions must fall before an opening mind. A clearer vision will not be confused by cumbering detail or deadened by the multiplying assaults on the attention of the age. The present educational program will be altered as major subjects are correlated and minor ones absorbed until the few remaining take their places on a fresh sheet as ways by which mental power ready to serve in any direction may be proved and used.

The ability to concentrate their attention will be restored to a new generation who will be the better armed to solve the various problems of their environment through a conscious and a subconscious recognition of unifying causes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRAVE YOUNG AUSTRIA

By MARGARET ADAMS SCHMIDT

AUSTRIAN youth—talented, proud, luxury and pleasure loving—has many surprising phases. Yet girls and boys of all classes are trying with the generally small means at their command to make something useful and fine of their lives.

Pretty little Greta, my maid, is engaged to be married. She performs miracles with my cast-off clothes, sewing late into the night after her day's work is finished. Her "austattung"—trousseau and hope chest—is growing steadily, if her plump, rosy cheeks are paling somewhat.

"Why do you work so frightfully hard, Greta?" I ask as I find her hunched under the kitchen light hemstitching a coarse towel at one o'clock in the morning.

She raises tired, strained but smiling eyes. "But Gnaedige Frau, I cannot go to Johann empty-handed. He says he does not care, but I would feel shame before his family. His mother, she would scorn me always. She is angry enough that I have no money."

The eyes of Sophie, the little hair-dresser who comes to me twice every week, are duller. She is married to an able enough young mechanic, who, however, is absolutely unable to find work. Their pitifully small savings are gone. Sophie is expecting her first baby soon. Until a few months ago she was a popular marceller at one of the fashionable friseurs. Having lost that position, she now is employed direct by a few of her old clients.

"Surely you can't keep this up much longer," I exclaim, as Sophie, pale and drawn, leans over me. Her movements are slow, she pants a bit, but her strong wrist has not lost its cunning.

"Stop? Oh, Gnaedige, I shall work on until the last moment and then be up again immediately. My husband's unemployment dole is hardly enough for one meal a day! Gnaedige will save my place for me? Ich kuesse die hand." She suits the action to the word, much to my embarrassment.

I stop a moment at my husband's office. He is not there, but his secretary greets me and I sit down to chat. Highly educated, the son of an ex-general, he feels himself fortunate to possess this clerical position at what amounts to $40.00 a month. He has passed his bar examinations, but the income of a young lawyer would not be enough to keep himself and his old father alive.

"Saturday is All Saints day," I say to make conversation. "What are you going to do on your holiday?"

His fine face lights up. "Only think, Gnaedige Frau, there is already snow on the Semmering. I am going with a party of young people on a skiing trip. Our food we carry with us. We shall sleep at night at the tourist huts on the mountain. It will be glorious!" he exults. "Next week I shall be like a new person."

Then he stiffens and composes his face into its accustomed lines of gravity. "I trust your honored husband will fine an improvement in my work."

Poor Herr L. His painstaking work could scarcely be better, but the heady air, wonderful exercise, and lively companionship will give him strength to keep bravely on with the uncongenial work.

I meet an acquaintance, a clever young student, on the Kaertner Strasse.

"I wanted so much to come to your At Home last week," he murmurs. "But I must work, work like mad at the eye clinic each day. My uncle in America writes of a chance as assistant to an eye specialist in Minneapolis. I dare not miss a lecture, for I must know everything of the new methods."

"Surely you must take some time for recreation. You look splendidly." I glance at his tanned cheeks and lithe, muscular form.

"Yes, I have a regular schedule. Until now I played tennis every day. As soon as there is ice I shall skate at the Eislaufverein. Two hours' sport to keep me fit. The rest is work and sleep."

"And you couldn't give up an hour of exercise for my party?"

He looked bewildered, then spoke passionately. "But surely you understand. I must succeed. My work must blot out everything else—at least until I have proved myself."

He walked on after a last deep bow and hand "kuss," head up, eyes alight—dreaming perhaps, but a dream of purpose.

A few minutes later, I enter the forbidding-looking grilled door of one of Vienna's most pretentious houses. It belongs to one of the few great families fortunate enough to have guarded much of their fortunes through the dangerous years of war and the still more perilous post-war days.

As I wait for my hostess in the heavily decorated baroque drawing room, Theresa, the young daughter of the house, slips in. Although almost seventeen, her soft blonde hair still falls over her shoulders like that of a child. She makes a curtsey, then impulsively kisses me on both cheeks.

"I am so glad to see you, Tante Margo," she says in her pretty, careful English. "I need encouragement. You know how hard I have studied. French, music, mathematics, science, sports. Always alone with a governess, tutor, or trainer. So dull. Now I have passed my last examinations with credit and want to do special work in chemistry at the University. Papa and mamma forbid it, of course. But go I shall! I shall do something with my life in spite of them."

Her mother came in just then. Theresa handed the tea cups gracefully, a politely pretty doll, she looked, a slight replica of her regally beautiful dull mother. But here was a doll with a brain and determination to use it to its fullest extent.

After tea, I walk home slowly. Before the huge,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grey Opera a long queue for the standing-room section is already forming. True music lovers they. Lights twinkle bravely on the wide Ring Strasse. A few mild electric advertising signs flash on the beshawled flower venders on the corner. The popular Kaffee houses are beginning to fill where over one cup of coffee one has the privilege of reading all the current papers and magazines.

Roasting chestnuts steam appetizingly at the next corner, where I turn off onto a darker side street. A moment's walk and I mount the three steep flights which lead to the home we share with the young Countess S. I let myself in with a latch key, walk into the kitchen to deposit some Spanish blood oranges which had tempted me on the way. The kitchen is lighted. The little Countess, arrayed in a gingham apron, is bending over the ironing board.

"And what are you about at this hour," I inquire.

She straightens, holds up an airy chiffon evening frock, twirls a few twinkling dance steps. "What do you think of it? I made it from the overdrapes of an old court gown of mamma's."

"It is lovely, exquisite," I admire, and with truth. It is simple, but with just that originality of cut and grace of line which marks the work of a master hand.

The little Countess, beautiful even in her grey apron, beams happily at the praise.

"I hope I shall look well tonight. How I love to dance. And I must make 'Reklame' for myself too, for I am going to open a tiny dressmaking shop. Will you give me some work perhaps?"

"Will I? I am only too delighted at the opportunity."

And the apparently frivolous Countess, with her dainty work and sturdy spirit perhaps represents young Austria at its very best. The talent, persistence, gaiety, courage, and grim determination of her and her fellows are developing a generation well fitted to cope with conditions in this modern world of ours.

Sea Thunder

Green water cover me,
Soft wave and sea thunder;
Let me slip to the tide
And be drawn under.

Nightly, the white sands slide;
Daily, the slow tides fall,
Wind is among the pines,
And the wind covers all.

Green water cover me,
Soft wave and sea thunder;
Let me slip to the tide
And be drawn under.

Slip, as an anchor slips
Into a shoal, a deep . . .
Green breaker cover me
And let me sleep.

HAROLD VINAL.

A CHARACTER

By PADRAIC COLUM

A CIRCUS horse, I thought, put between the shafts of a cart, may settle to its new duties. But there always is a chance of unsettlement. When the band is heard going through the town, the horse rises in the shafts and tries to go through its old gyrations.

The person who was going the road with me made me think of all this—he admitted to having followed some employment "in a gentleman's place." But he played upon a tin whistle and there was a period that was unaccounted for in the sketch of his life that he gave me as we went along together. Then, in a public-house, when he had eaten some bread and cheese and had drunk a glass of porter, he let the secret of his past career come out—he put his hat upon the side of his head, and he edged around, singing a ditty that ended with this stanza—

"I'd like to stop a little longer,
But I must go home to my tea,
And I bid you good evening for the present,
And I hope you won't be imitating me."

The clown appeared in his every gesture, in his every intonation. Yes, this old fellow once must have clowned it in the ring. He spoke of Beatty's show—Batty's, he called it—and I remembered having heard or read of it somewhere. Beatty's once must have been a famous circus in Dublin. In Charles Lever's odd novel, A Day's Ride, a Life's Romance, the hero begins his adventures by hiring a horse that had belonged to Beatty's circus. Evidently the name or the concern itself persisted down to my acquaintance's youthful days. His father, he told me, had put him into Beatty's show, and, with a wink and a shamefaced grin, he let me know that he had once beaten the drum there—in the ring or outside the circus-tent, I don't know which.

I had met him on a road that goes through a gap in the Dublin hills. He was in the vicinity of a roadside public-house, but too far away, it seemed to me, to make himself audible to the people within. And yet he played his tin whistle with great energy; his lips spluttered, his old beard was blown in the wind, his knees stuck out as he jigged his limbs to the tune he was playing. Nevertheless, he was anxious for company down the long stretch of road—as I came beside him he put his tin whistle up and prepared to walk with me.

He called my attention to a group of half-drunken fellows who were standing around a cart in front of the public-house. It appeared that they had wanted to carry him off with them—off to some place in the mountains where there was a wedding, and where they would have him play for the dances. But John, my acquaintance, was far-seeing enough to know that he would have no chance of getting out of that place that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

night. He knew, too, that he had little chance of getting any money out of the lads around the cart, and so he had declined to go with them. A row was started in the public-house then—he had been within at the time, and the bartender had put all of them out. And now here he was on the road without having got a copper or a drink, or a bit of bread. He had come out from Dublin that day in the hope of gaining a few pence. Now, as the thought of his bad luck came over him, he turned in the direction of the fellows who were standing around the cart and he spat out. That gesture got him into better spirits.

He drew the tin whistle out, and he began to play for me. "A bit of music shortens the road," he said. He played well enough, sputtering at the mouth and jigging his legs as he made the music that we went on to—the music of a march. A dog ran toward us, and the player turned and tried to entice the animal. "Shep, Shep, good dog," said he, patting his knee. The dog got suspicious of his intentions and withdrew, and the musician resumed his walk regretfully. "I could get a shilling and sixpence for that dog. The farmers around Crumlin often ask me to bring them a dog," he remarked.

There were ways by which he might retrieve the bad luck of the day. Somewhere near there lived a lady who often gave him something—a sixpence or a shilling. He would go where she lived. She would be after eating her dinner and would come down to see him. "My lady," he would say, "I didn't intend to come around so soon after seeing you before. But the fact is, my lady, that I'm just out of the hospital, and, as I can't walk far on account of the badness of my feet, I have to fall back on a few friends who have shown goodness to me." He went on reciting the mendicant's address. "The doctors told me, my lady, that I should have three good things—good food, and good clothes, and a good bed. But what can I do, my lady? I'm beat out entirely this winter." And then he discovered that he was on the wrong road, and he gave up the idea of calling upon his patron.

He was the mendicant absolutely—feeble of purpose, endowed with some slight cunning, full of hypocrisies. He became happy as the improvident are happy—his mind, like a little bundle of sticks, soon kindled up. As we went along the road he sang bits out of old come-all-ye's, and he gossiped about the people he knew.

He had a relative, a barber, he told me, who often was paid as much as five shillings for doing up a lady's hair. "The ingenuity of man is wonderful," he said, voicing his admiration for a craft that was so gainful. As for himself, he paid sevenpence a night in a lodging-house—he told me of the respectability of his associates there.

Then we went into a public-house, and he had something to eat and drink. There was an audience for him there, and he played on his tin whistle and went over all his circus tricks—he sang his circus songs, and he told anecdotes bearing on things he had done in his life-time. Before the men sitting around on the benches in the public-house, he was like a child at a party—like a forward child who gets over its embarrassment and delights in bringing out all its tricks and accomplishments.

As we took the road again, he told me more about his career. When he left the circus, he fell in with a tumbler who used to spread his bit of carpet, and tumble for the delight of the children and the few men and women who might come around. The partnership lasted for a fortnight. The ex-clown got to be afraid of the tumbler. This big man would walk ahead of him, speaking to himself, muttering about a knife. The ex-clown hid from him one day; crouching behind a chimney he watched the tumbler go searching the town for him, a most ferocious expression upon his face.

Then my friend John became more and more afraid of his partner; he would not walk out upon the road that evening, and he took a job from a washwoman—a mangle-turning job. But he soon started off on his travels again. Taking the road, he came to an avenue leading up to a big house; he was for turning into it when a man carrying a gun came upon him. The man stopped him at the point of the gun; then when he found out that John was a stroller, he marched him up to the house. It appeared that the man with the gun was a landowner who was being boycotted; no one would hire with him; he impressed John into his service.

The boycott was lifted after a while, but John remained on, doing odd jobs about the landowner's house. One day, in lifting something up, he strained himself, and, by way of compensation the landowner planted him down in a gate-lodge somewhere in the County Meath where he had nothing to do but open gates for cattle that were being driven out and in. It was an easy life, but nothing could have suited him less. Nothing appeared on the roads, no one hailed him from the fields, and the nights, as he told me, came down in a terrible darkness. One day he put his tin whistle in his pocket and went out upon the road; he closed the gate behind him, forsook the gate-lodge, and never turned back into it.

Then began the life that he had kept to ever since—the life of a mendicant. He played his tin whistle, he connected himself with this and that patron; in the winter he got himself into hospitals; as soon as the warm weather began, he got out with his tin whistle, and, with the help of his music and certain shifts and dodges, he made enough or nearly enough coppers to get himself lodging o' nights, with potatoes and a bit of meat sometimes, and, of course, his cup of tea with bread every day. Listening to his statements on the economy of the homeless, I went with the old fellow upon a hilly road as the evening came down.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AGENTS OF TOLERANCE

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

(The following article by Dr. Butler is a portion of an address delivered by him before the meeting of the seventh annual Newman Club convention held in New York City on January 10, 1926.—The Editors.)

IN THIS world the two great enemies of real progress are ignorance and a lack of appreciation of real values. Sometimes I think that the second of these is more important than the first, for knowledge can go but a very little way if it is not accompanied by an appreciation of values, which means an appreciation of what is really worth while, of what is first rate, of what is continuous, of what is permanent, of what is eternal.

We speak of human interest, we speak of national interest; but time and again these phrases recall to us and to those who use them, only interests that are physical, or material, or gain-seeking. But the higher interests, the life of the mind, the life of the spirit, the life in contact with what is beautiful and worthy in the past and in the present—all these are possible only to those who can form judgments of worth, who have standards of value, and who can distinguish between the gold and the dross in what touches the emotional and the voluntary side of our human life.

I deem it a great piece of good fortune to have been born and educated in what is called the Victorian era. It is now fashionable to throw stones at the Victorian era, but I know of no more certain characteristic of the pigmy than to throw stones at the really great. That period some thirty or forty years ago was a period distinguished by great names, great poets, great philosophers, great religious teachers and great leaders. Perhaps the greatest of them, because he represented these three classes—poet, philosopher, religious teacher and leader—was John Henry, Cardinal Newman. No one can read the story of his life, no one could have looked upon that beautiful face without understanding the significance of Cardinal Newman, not only for the age in which he lived, but for the literature, and spiritual experience of our whole English-speaking race.

His was, in many aspects, a stormy and a troubled life. He passed, in a process which he himself has recorded with striking eloquence, through a series of spiritual insights and experiences that it would be difficult to equal in the case of any modern man. With astounding frankness he has put on record the stage by which his mind and his spirit were led from one shore to another, until they arrived at the haven where he would be. The beauty of it all, as expressed in his language, whether prose or verse, has given him a permanent place in the history of English literature. This tender, faithful, reflective, and sensitive spirit spent every year of his long life in testing and reflecting upon the foundations of the intellectual and the spiritual life, expression of the results of which he concentrated in language of surpassing beauty.

There is no more beautiful, more pathetic, or touching hymn in the English language than that which he wrote on a small boat in the Mediterranean—Lead, Kindly Light. It has gone wherever the English language goes, as an expression of dependence on the divine omnipotence.

The members of the Newman clubs do well to honor that great name. They do well to study and to reflect upon the written record which Newman has left, to take his life as an example and an ideal of the strenuous striving to master the things of the spirit, to find rest and peace in the haven that he surveyed and measured and understood so well.

These are, from many points of view, difficult days. There are strong and vigorous differences of opinion existent on every hand—differences of opinion in matters economical, differences of opinion in matters political, and deep, serious, and bitter conflict as to matters religious. Out of it all arises this great lesson. If we are to live together in modern society, and in the modern state, with comfort and peace, security and satisfaction, we must, each and every one of us, learn the great lesson of tolerance and teach it to others. We must bear in mind that time is the great healing element in the march of human progress toward any goal. The two great instruments for the conversion of others to the point of view which we hold, whether the point of view be social, economic, political, or theological, are education and religion. They reach the mind, they reach character. Only the weak and the intolerant have to resort to force to convince or persuade those with whom they cannot agree. We are surrounded by intolerance on every hand. Men differ as to politics. Out with them. Men differ as to things economic. Out with them. Men differ as to religion, as to race, as to color—persecute, burn at the stake, deport—are the familiar cries. These are the instruments of barbarism, and against them, those of us who value the things of the spirit must teach and preach and exemplify tolerance—that habit of mind which arises not from indifference, but from the conviction that the position one holds is reasonable, and capable of being presented by argument and persuasion.

The brutal instruments of force need not, must not, be resorted to—and if there is any one class of people in modern society who must be tolerant, it is those who profess the Christian faith. Were they not themselves the great victims of intolerance—were they not hunted and persecuted and driven from place to place because of their faith? Are they not the God-given instruments of tolerance, not only that error may be turned into truth, but that it may be turned into truth by that perseverance and conviction which reason makes use of through its great and powerful instrument of religious teaching.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITMAN AND THE WAYSIDE

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

AMONG our present fondest hopes is that the public will be spared a round half dozen of the models suggested for a memorial to Walt Whitman. Although an official sculptor already has been chosen in Jo Davidson, there is some danger lest the enthusiastic in literary villages yearn for the multiplication of monuments. It has been hard enough to put up with ecstatic memoirs and untamed applause; at times, it even may have been a little difficult to put up with Walt. But imagine the horror of waysides lined with barbarous marbles supposed to symbolize a barbarian!

Nothing could be so pitiless as sculpture in the attempt to travesty what was great and abiding in Whitman. Essentially the man was not even tentatively wild; in his heart he was tame, with that mammoth tameness which is sentimental, tearful, and unsteady. Had he been a four-square savage, he would have swallowed beauty without intoxication; had he been a soldier, he would have saluted Lincoln with a silent quatrain, as Tabb saluted Damien; had he been something of a pioneer, he hardly would have applauded himself. Walt Whitman, both as moralist and poet, was the creature of that ultimate refinement which we call leisure—he was riotous in scattering stars because he had never been obliged to walk with the stars in their orbits. But it is quite true that he was tall enough to reach stars—a circumstance which Americans generally have neither understood nor forgiven.

We have neither understood nor forgiven because the man was not one of us. America has been a giant swarm of immigrants thumbing the vast spaces for a page on which to scrawl—an uprooted swarm hunting multitudinous hives, carrying the hastily sorted baggage of lost cities, and instinct with a simplicity that on the one hand was greed and on the other hand an earnest spiritual fidelity. It is no wonder that our fathers were stripped clean and looked at the stars timidly as at things not to be clutched, while they stalked the bison as they stalked each other—excepting when they made an inventory of those holiest and most wise of platitudes, which we call traditions. And certainly, it is no wonder that Walt understood them not at all—Walt half asleep by the sea, rifling the cargoes of the great romantics and guzzling the wine of Shelley like a new god Pan. Whitman, therefore, was a bacchanalian threnody. He was a stave in the song Europe had been giddy with, from the days of Rousseau and Rene. The really magnificent thing about him is that same humble wonder with which his century of sophisticates rediscovered their trousers and their geraniums. In this sense he was a shout—a chaotic, half-unconscious shout of tribute to God's world, which, though it be a lost Paradise, is none the less Paradise.

It is significant that while this shout stirred, with its triumph and awe, an English Christian mystic like Chesterton, it disgusted an American Christian mystic like Sidney Lanier. The poetry of this wounded Confederate soldier was a wholly native because a wholly traditional thing. "Culture must be cited into the presence of the Fathers" was Lanier's own résumé of his attitude toward art; and so the revolutionary emancipations of Whitman, who brushed aside traditions as the socially elect sometimes play havoc with manners, startled and angered him into bitter criticism which too often has been termed provincial. Provincial, indeed! It would be difficult to find a point of view which might be more unhesitatingly called national. More than any other modern citizen, the American has believed in the sanctity of law; and Lanier, who explored the norms of symphonic melody in reverent quest for the hidden constitution of verse, also was convinced (with the great majority of his brethren) that democracy would sign a new and more spiritual pact for the control of commerce. And if less has been said about the beautiful lyric melodiousness of this southerner than about the rhapsodies of Walt, the reason lies simply in the plain general truth that we always have neglected to develop our own domestic arts. We never have been young enough not to care about seeming to be old-fashioned.

And, although one truly may find it worth while to honor the virtues of Whitman, some mindfulness of his vagaries may not be altogether unwholesome. The weak thing about him was not a tendency to shock the more settled Bostonians, nor a habitual disregard for the rules of prosody. It was rather a kind of childish ignorance that goes strangely ill with his beard—ignorance of what the world about him was like, of the fact that it was far less prepared for a dithyramb than for a drubbing. The total absence of realism from his work is astonishing, especially where civic facts are concerned. Thoreau, for all his struggling, was comparatively a man of the world. Well, when the tremendous Civil crash came, Whitman groping pathetically over the red battlefields, turned to the great woodsman who had stemmed the tide of war. He turned to him confidently, as all men turn sometimes, in their quest for explanations; and he found him dead. The fact that "the good grey poet" buried Lincoln as a woman might bury her lover is his own best and firmest literary portrait. It happened to be, ironically enough, a poetic ceremony which Lincoln himself would not have understood.

For Lincoln was the true American renaissance. Whitman was the true revolution against America. The people who build the man his monument should turn it toward the East, for he was an alien.

Paestum

(The ancient Greek city in southern Italy, founded about 650 B. C. by the Troezenians and Sybarites. The Latin poets celebrate the fragrance and beauty of its flowers, and particularly of its roses which bloomed twice a year.)

Pause here, awhile! Mad tourists came,
And with blunt voices, lost to shame,
Wounded the stillness. Now, at last,
Pursuing wonders, they have passed.

Silence again, blown from the hills,
The Temple fills; red sunlight spills
Over the crumbling, yellowed stone.
The swallows curve. We are alone.

Beyond, along the muddy road
A wagon lurches, with a load
Of hay—the song the driver sings
Aches with unutterable things.

Against a fluted pillar, lean,
And touch its sadness. In between
The shadowed columns look away
Across the lowlands, to the bay.

Here wandered, centuries ago,
Young lovers out of Greece. Ah, know
We seek the old, old dream—we, too,
Pause here, as they were wont to do!

MARY DIXON THAYER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

FAIR TRIAL FOR PROHIBITION

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In your editorial, Pulpits and Politics, of recent date, I believe The Commonweal has gone the limit of intolerance.

In repeated articles you have opened up a one-sided discussion of our prohibition amendment, and in the above mentioned article you have gone so far as to condemn a section of the Protestant body which went on record as holding views contrary to Governor Smith's, and stated their sincerity in doing so. The more we blast fair-minded people of another faith for their seemingly unanimous dry view, the more we condemn those of our own faith who hold a strong wet view. Can you tell me wherein is the difference? You may go further and say wet is right and dry is wrong but you cannot quote the Catholic Church as your authority, for she has never pronounced any solution of this truly difficult social problem, and numbers in her true fold adherents of both the wet and dry view. This point of the Church's neutrality should not be taken advantage of by Catholic editors when they make unqualified statements in favor of the wets, seeming to link up the Church with the wets in a unanimity that would seem unnatural as well as disproportionate. When this is done repeatedly by Catholic editors, why blame the Methodists for their views? Let us be fair. A question is never settled on its merits when charges of a strong character are made that impugn the motives of a very large body of the American people.

Please refer to your article in the issue of August 19, called Prohibition Jam, in which you appraise the working of the prohibition law. It is a pleasure to accord with some of your sentiments, and I have had it in mind to present some of mine which may run counter to those you have expressed in that article.

That prohibition has not had an even course is very evident. But conditions are generally improved, and the contrast easily noted, particularly where the law is being enforced by honest officials. And right here it must be considered that since the world war there has been a weakening of the moral fibre all over the world, not merely in dry United States. In our country consider the growing neglect of the citizen to qualify to vote. In the last general election how great was the default in the number of voters. This condition reflects in the calibre of our public officials, allowing graft and greed to grow, permitting conditions such as you have enumerated. What magazines in general are disposed to take a stand and point out the danger to our very government through this inertia of its citizenship? Does no one care? Why blame a law when it is in the non-enforcement of the law that the trouble lies?

If prohibition fails, let it fail after a fair trial and not after the mockery of a trial. Respect for law is respect for all law. Where are our Catholic magazines standing on this question? Can we as Catholics hedge and say that this particular amendment was written into the law under the pressure of abnormal circumstances as you have said? I do not think that a single constitutional amendment can show so constant and steady a growth of public sentiment over so long a period of time as prohibition can show, nor do I believe that prohibition was a hasty measure, for I have watched the advance of sentiment that tried out local option, high license, low license, and no license at all in every state of our broad country. Even after the passage of the amendment, several states, Ohio a representative one, defeated by popular vote more than once and by an increasing majority, a referendum to admit light wines and beers.

You say the reformers were possessed of a sentimental ecstasy in establishing prohibition, but I concede to them the credit of a strong conviction which faced an opposition that was real and alert. (Along with other matter on the subject I kept in touch with the Liquor Dealers' Journal, in which, consciously and unconsciously, were expressed their hopes and their fears.) Personally, I think that prohibition was too drastic on the habitual drinker, who started in good faith when drinking was sanctioned and then had his supply suddenly cut short. This sort of individual was overlooked both by the law and the public. He got no sympathy anywhere. Like you, I sympathize, but not quite so strongly, with individuals who never drank before and do so now for adventure, in defiance of law. All who do not uphold the law are partly to blame in cases of this kind.

The Commonweal cannot but be the gainer by a policy that would extend a liberal consideration to those who might happen to disagree in any way with its point of view. To me an out-and-out policy of all wet or all dry would be more interesting than the farcical and illogical proposal of many of our Catholic editors and some few of the non-Catholic editors. I refer to the light wine and beer compromise that would discriminate against the person who wanted the effect of alcohol by a short route.

I am sorry to have to express unfavorable comment upon any part of The Commonweal, a magazine which I had hoped would fulfil its excellent aim.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

LAUDS LITURGICAL MOVEMENT

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of The Commonweal of December 30, 1925, the communication signed by Mr. Elisha Francis Riggs, concerning the liturgical movement, was, to say the least, most interesting. I admire Mr. Riggs's earnest appeal for that which might be termed a more liturgical laity—a laity to whom the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass may be of profound concern, rather than a duty to be performed in order to be a Catholic; a coveted position in which the absence of spiritual comprehension is greatly to be deplored.

An intellectual interest in the rites and ceremonies has faded; yet, the situation is remedial. The suggestion of allowing and encouraging the people to sing with the choir is highly commendable; that of giving them sermons on the structure of the Mass is very practical; but—probably thoughtful of a solution to the problem in mind—Mr. Riggs asks: "What Catholic colleges lecture to their undergraduates upon the Mass of the catacombs, the Mass of the middle-ages, the vestments, their origin, their meaning, the Eucharistic services of the Uniate Eastern Churches?"

All that Mr. Riggs has mentioned is being taught to the students of Trinity College, Washington, D. C. A course in Christian Doctrine is prescribed for all students, one hour per week for four years. Attendance at lectures, and written examinations are required and recorded, exactly as in any academic

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGE, OHIO
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

study. Several lectures are given as to proper assistance at Mass, great emphasis being placed on the use of the Roman missal.

In the new and very beautiful chapel of Notre Dame at Trinity, the entire student body participates in the singing. The one exception to this rule is High Mass, at which the liturgy is sung by the Glee club, composed of about fifty girls who are able to give due time to frequent rehearsal.

As is natural to an alumna, I feel a pardonable pride in my alma mater, and, now especially, do I feel a satisfaction in her effort to inculcate social Catholicism into the youth who seek her wisdom.

GENEVIEVE F. BEAUTON.

CHRIST OR SANTA CLAUS?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—While Christmas has gone, and the "Christmas spirit" will be shelved with paper poinsettas for another year, it occurs to an old-fashioned Catholic that in the holiday hullabaloo of colored bulbs and lacquered wreaths, the real spirit of Christmas may be expiring.

The so-called "Christmas spirit" seems to be just a ghost of the reality. It is too effervescent—we fill baskets for the poor on Christmas day, and forget that their "bread baskets" may be empty all winter. It is charity with a spasm.

A recent editorial in the New York Times and another in the Catholic World set one a-thinking. They are like the poles apart. The Times exults in a great pre-Christmas gathering to foster the Christmas spirit "planned by the merchants of the city," in which "the Churches furnished the speakers." These were a rabbi, a minister, and a monsignor.

The editor of the Catholic World, in a semi-pessimistic mood, wrote this line: "The merchants will run away with our Christmas if we are not careful."

We don't hear much of the ox—it's all about the reindeer; who will survive in the popular mind—Christ in the crib—or Santa Claus at Gimbel's?

And is not the recent threatened excommunication of Rabbi Wise, who said a kind word for Christ, an evidence that even the merchants who advertise Christmas in their department stores will challenge its "spirit" at the doors of the synagogue?

A sentence from Chesterton, the sanest of minds, makes a fine point for post-Christmas meditation: "Nobody understands the nature of the Church, or the ringing note of the creed descending from antiquity, who does not realize that the whole world once very nearly died of broad-mindedness and the brotherhood of all religions." (The Everlasting Man.)

REV. PETER MORAN.

GOBEL, THE SCHISMATIC

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—May I suggest that the title, Catholic Bishop of Paris, given to Monseigneur Gobel in The Commonweal of December 30 will be misleading to some readers? The See of Paris was held in 1793 by the exiled de Juigne. Gobel, the schismatic, was elected by a handful of priests and laity with no right to choose a bishop, intruded through the support of the revolutionary movement, and suspended by the Pope.

The distinction between the Catholic Church and the Constitutional church set up at that time in France might not be drawn by some of Professor Hayes's readers.

REV. JOSEPH M. EGAN.

LIBERTY AND LICENSE

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Bernard J. Rothwell, under the caption, Pulpits and Politics, severely berates The Commonweal for its attitude toward "the prohibitory amendment" and, in so doing, lapses into the fallacious method of reasoning so common among our more arid brethren.

He assumes that the opponents of the Volstead Act are confusing the issue by a mistaken belief that their personal liberty has been unjustifiably infringed upon, whereas, the real issue is between liberty and license. The onus probandi undeniably rests upon the shoulders of Bernard J. Rothwell and his ilk, since they are the ones who "draw, hard and fast, the line that divides liberty and license."

That the writer places man-made law in the same category as that emanating from the Divine Being is indicated by his statement that "as the true believer does not elect which of the Ten Commandments he will obey, so the true citizen of the republic, in reverent spirit, obeys its every law."

May I ask the gentleman in question, if "the most beneficent political institution yet devised" should, by legislative enactment, deny his right to worship God as his conscience dictated, would his "individual preference yield to the collective judgment"?

It may not be amiss to quote Emerson anent the much mooted question of the absolute necessity of obeying "every law." In speaking of the Fugitive Slave law, before his Concord neighbors, he said—"But the Act of Congress of September 18, 1850, is a law which everyone of you will break on the earliest occasion—a law which no man can obey, or abet the obeying without loss of self-respect and forfeiture of the name of a gentleman."

The above quotation is refreshing in the midst of so much balderdash of the present day regarding our rights and duties.

JAMES F. DESMOND.

A "LITTLE FLOWER" CHAPEL

Fort Sill, Okla.

TO the Editor:—It will interest your readers, I am sure, to know that a chapel, erected in honor of "The Little Flower," has been dedicated here at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Not only is this probably the first chapel dedicated to Saint Thérèse at any military post, but, also, it is the first Catholic chapel built here since the garrison was established in 1869.

In publishing an account of the dedication, The Guidon, news organ of the local Field Artillery school, said:

"The beautiful new chapel at Post Field was opened and dedicated with great solemnity on Christmas eve, when Chaplain Simoni celebrated High Mass at midnight . . .

"The chapel is dedicated to the newly canonized Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, known as 'The Little Flower of Jesus,' by whom the chaplain's regiment, the 111th Infantry of the American Expeditionary Forces, was visibly protected on the battlefields of France . . . A life-size statue of the saint, donated by the Catholic Church Extension society, is on the altar of the new chapel.

"A Croix de Guerre can be seen appended to the sanctuary lamp. Mindful of special favors received while at the front line, a veteran of the world war has donated this war cross to 'The Little Flower.'

"Special thanks . . . go to the numerous friends who have donated articles and helped to furnish this place of worship."

REV. A. V. SIMONI.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

Stronger Than Love

CONSIDERED as a theatrical offering to an American audience, Stronger Than Love, the adaptation of Dario Niccodemi's La Nemica (The Enemy) labors under two initial disadvantages. Filial love, there is no reason to doubt, is strong among the Anglo-Saxon race. But the habit or fashion of representing it as a positive passion seldom has found a place within our literature, fictional or dramatic. Neither are questions of disputed paternity a favored theme, even among those later writers who are busy exploring sexual motives for their plots. The statement is meant as no reflection whatever upon the moral of the Latin peoples. It is simply a restatement of a fact abundantly noticed by many critics—namely, that the sense of the family as an entity being weaker among the northern peoples, the appeal of a disaster which strikes at its root is felt as being less inherently dramatic.

When all these reservations have been made, Stronger Than Love remains a very powerful and poignant drama. Its theme, as old at least as the story of Esau and Jacob, is the disruptive force of love in a single family when it is unevenly bestowed. Marius de Bernois, titular Duc de Nievres, is an adolescent of handsome exterior and sympathetic manners, the sort of youngster who wins love, either from man or woman, by the sheer force of a pleasant personality. His love for his mother, Anna de Bernois, is so intense that even the victim suspects in it something that is a little outside the order of nature. His chagrin when this love, once apparently returned to him, turns to a sort of sullen distaste that finds a vent in constant fault-finding, is all the harder to bear, and the young duke racks his brain to no purpose to find some explanation.

Among the familiars of the ducal chateau is Laura Regnault, daughter of the family attorney. Laura has conceived a violent passion for the young noble, and, finding it unreturned, looks around, after the proverbial fashion of "the woman scorned" for some means of revenge. Access to her father's papers has put her into possession of a terrible family secret, and in an excess of rage she tells the young man, that he is a bastard.

The impression, natural under the circumstances, that his mother has been an unfaithful wife, takes possession of the duke. In a very touching and powerful scene, beautifully acted by both Miss Nance O'Neil and Mr. Ralph Forbes, the son seeks, by every appeal that his affection can suggest, to wrest the truth from his mother's conscience, with forgiveness and continued affection assured her in advance. He succeeds only too well. Driven to bay, the duchess lets him know that he is not her son at all, but an illegitimate child born to his father before their marriage, whom she has promised as a sacred and death-bed vow, to rear as her own, without ever letting him suspect the deception. The birth of a second son, all her own, the gradual exasperation at seeing him superseded and robbed of his birthright, has changed her love for the intruder little by little to hatred, and with this terrible word she drives him from her knees.

We are in the early summer of 1914, so somewhat prepared for the terrible solution that destiny will have in store. To the little family chapel, where the wretched mother is waiting for news from the front, knitting and sewing for the field hospitals among her women, the young duke returns, sorely wounded, to tell her that her own child has fallen, and that his last word has been the word forbidden his own lips. A cardinal-cousin played with great conviction by Frederick Perry, who has hurried to her side, speaks the word that bids her bow her head and take her part in the national desolation, and send Marius back to convalescence and duty, reconciled with the being he loves best on earth. "In this great catastrophe, to believe that one is chosen to feel a greater sorrow than others —is a sin of pride—Do not commit it! It is the worst, the most unbridled of all sins! It is pride that has ruined the world! Pride of power, pride of riches, pride of strength, pride of domination, pride of glory, pride of race—even pride of faith; even pride of civilization. And we are all punished equally by the scourge—all. It is a new deluge—more terrible than the other because it is a deluge of tears and blood! And if a new Noah were to construct an Ark there would be, perhaps, a last torpedo left to sink it, because ingenuity has reached its apex! And we are all equal before this death of pity!"

Stronger than Love, it will be seen, is a play almost desperately sober in its theme and treatment. But whether it be regarded as sombre depends a great deal upon the spirit in which it is witnessed. Among the trivial and pernicious stuff of so much contemporary drama, its restatement of the eternal verities, its insistence upon the challenge of duty, no matter how hard, and the consolation that waits upon those who submit, strike a very genuine note, inculcate a very much needed lesson. Miss O'Neil plays the leading role with a complete realization of its spirit, and with the ease and poise that is the outward sign of inward understanding. The gradual breaking down of her stubborn silence and resolution before the insistence of the man who believes himself her son, founded though this authority is upon a primal error, is a tour de force of complex psychology. Mr. Ralph Forbes' support is at all times worthy. Misunderstanding is of the essence of comedy, but it is, of all things, perhaps, the hardest to deal with in drama, and when we have said that Mr. Forbes keeps his bewilderment invariably dignified we have paid him a pretty high tribute. Among minor characters, a word should go to Miss Katherine Grey and Mr. Ernest Lawford for two contrasting studies in old age of merit and power.

H. L. S.

Tip-Toes

TIP-TOES trips its way with considerable charm, excellent music, and adequate dancing through Florida scenery. Perhaps it is one of the ills that the "Florida boom" carries in its train, that the public, surfeited with colorful advertisements of that land of eternal youth, should be compelled to watch the curtains of current musical comedies roll up, disclosing tropical trees and expensive southern-resort hotels. So it is with Tip-Toes, and so it was with The Florida Girl.

But aside from the banality of the Florida landscape, already too familiar to that dwindling minority of our population that has never even been to Florida, and also aside from the too prolonged sustaining of humorous situations which are not especially humorous to start with, Tip-Toes is agreeable.

Diminutive Queenie Smith more than makes up for what she lacks in stature in a personality and freshness quite individual. Andrew Tombes and Harry Watson, Junior, as her partners in the vaudeville trio which has all sorts of amusing adventures, provoke sufficient spontaneous laughter to send away, at the final curtain, a pleasantly cheered audience. George Gershwin's music in Looking for a Boy, Sweet and Low Down, That Certain Feeling, and These Charming People (who can resist the satire or the plausibility of "if these people can be charming, we can be charming too"?) is delightful.

H. W.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Head First

SELDOM have so many hares, with no apparent burrow in view, been released at one and the same time as in Head First, the comedy-drama by Willis Maxwell Goodhue, offered at the Greenwich Village Theatre last week. Birth control, the invasion of industry by woman, the right of the home-keeping wife to wages, relations between capital and labor, the claims of shareholders, and sex allure in salesmanship —or saleswomanship—were all frisking and leaping about the stage, till one yearned for a single piece of homely and conclusive philosophy to clap a container on one or two at least.

Frank Beckwith is a "one-job" filing clerk with no ambition and with a cheery acceptance of penury quite out of place in New York. Anne is his hard-scrubbing, dutiful, and unawakened wife. Thrust into the bread-winning breach when her husband's job goes glimmering, Anne rapidly acquires frocks, a Ritz accent, and an executive position in the Paris branch of the Mason store. The financial improvement has no apparent effect on Frank's clothes, which grow shabbier and shabbier, nor on his temper, which frazzles until he has become that most obnoxious creature, the male shrew.

Salvation reaches young Beckwith with a tough "buddie" and a share in a garbage contract. Anne, his wife, then returns from Paris with dramatic suddenness. A general housecleaning leaves the lady in her exclusive apartment at the "Ambassadoor" and the gentleman the prospect of another hard-working mate.

Head First lacks any single element of distinction. Its theme is trite, not to say groveling, never rising above the pay-roll level, and its dénouements set probability at defiance.

In Selecting Your Plays

Androcles and the Lion—Shaw at his best—and worst.
Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
By the Way—An English review of charm, humor and restraint.
Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.
Dearest Enemy—A musical comedy of Revolutionary New York.
Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.
In a Garden—Laurette Taylor struggles with a farrago of artificiality.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio—Splendid object lesson in finest type of repertory acting.
Oh! Oh! Nurse—Catchy tunes, pretty dresses, clever dancing, clean fun.
Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Dybbuk—A masterly production of Ansky's Jewish mystical drama.
The Enemy—Mr. Pollock falls down on a good theme.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
The New Charlot Review—You can save money by not going.
The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.
The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
Young Blood—Helen Hayes battles with a bewildered author's flounderings.
Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON ANTHROPOLOGY

IT IS customary to divide this vast subject into three sections —physical anthropology, general ethnology, and cultural ethnology. Over the first of these we shall not delay, for it is a subject which cannot be dealt with—although amateur authors often prattle about it—by other than trained anatomists, and if anyone doubts this statement, let him look into the large text-book, Éléments d'Anthropologie Générale, by Topinard, and any doubts will be dispelled.

Of course, everyone interested in anthropology must have some general knowledge of what is meant by craniological terms, such as dolicho-cephalic and brachy-cephalic, to follow any treatise on ethnology, especially such an erudite book as The Racial History of Mankind, by Roland B. Dixon (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923). This volume is admirable for the advanced student, but too technical for the beginner. Nevertheless, it is a book which must be in every serious collection of works on anthropology.

Turning to general ethnology or the racial history of mankind, the reader who is commencing studies in this line cannot be recommended a better book than Anthropology, by A. L. Kroeber (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1923). Here he will get a really clear and cautious outline of the subject, although, perhaps, the author is a little generous in his early chronology.

For reference and for data as to races and their various habitats he may choose The Races of Man, by A. C. Haddon (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925) which is a small but most useful book; or Man, Past and Present, by A. H. Keane (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920. Revised edition by Quiggin and Haddon) a large book but an invaluable one, it being a storehouse of facts not to be found collected elsewhere.

Before starting on the most interesting branch for the general reader, namely cultural ethnology, a really fascinating line of study, the student must have a background of general ethnology, and if he trusts himself to Kroeber and Haddon he can start on his investigations without any fear of being tripped up by technicalities. But let him, above all, beware of personal predilections.

The beginner in this subject must be wary of giving his confidence to theories, however much they may appear to be supported by facts, until he is quite sure that instances to the contrary of the doctrines advocated are not pregnant. For example, there is a school in England, at the moment of limited size but unlimited persistency, which is never tired of proclaiming that all the culture in the world came from Egypt, and that no considerable cultural acquisition by man ever was invented twice so that all such things must have been transmitted from one part of the world to another.

With this warning always in mind, the student may commence on Man and Culture, by Clark Wissler, of the New York Natural History Museum (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. 1923) confident that he will find no better book in the English language to introduce him to this realm of interest.

When he has finished that, let him read Early Civilization, by Alexander A. Goldenweiser (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1922) an excellent book which will give him a good idea of certain general lines of culture. He now can diverge into the study of any part of the world, for he is competent to form a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fair opinion of the value of ethnological writing. Probably he may like to know something of the inhabitants of the country in which he lives, and if so, let him take in hand The American Indian, by Clark Wissler (New York: Oxford University Press. 1922). If he is desirous of exploring further, he must go to monographs such as those published by the Smithsonian Society, or to those of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

For primitive African life, there is With a Prehistoric People, by Mr. and Mrs. Ruthledge (London: Arnold and Company. 1910) a most competent account of the Kikuyu, a people living near Lake Tanganyika. There are many books on the primitives of Australia, and of recent Pacific books may be mentioned, first of all, one on the fascinating topic of Easter Island—The Mystery of Easter Island, by the same authors as the Kikuyu book (London: Sefton Praed) and The Threshold of the Pacific, by C. E. Fox (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924).

Many, of course, will want to know something about the ethnology of Europe. Perhaps some person, desirous of making a serious study of the topic, may be grateful to have a course of reading mapped out for him. It is first absolutely essential that he should have an historical background, and to obtain that, if he is quite ignorant of the subject, he may commence by reading The Greatest Story in the World, by H. G. Hutchinson (New York: John Murray. 1923) a simple, popular book which he can supplement by The Dawn of History, by J. L. Myres (New York: Henry Holt and Company. Home University Library) one of the most satisfying small text-books ever penned.

The Revolutions of Civilization, by Flinders Petrie (New York: Harper Brothers. 1911) will complete the necessary background, and the student then may turn to the Aegean corner, if he chooses that special field, and take the following: Egypt, by E. A. Wallis Budge (New York: Henry Holt and Company. Home University Library) Social Life in Egypt, and Religious Life in Egypt, both by Flinders Petrie (London: Constable. 1923 and 1924) and finally, Crete, the Forerunner of Greece, by C. H. and H. B. Hawes (New York: Harper Brothers. 1911). These will give a fairly complete background. Myriads of other works might be read, amongst which, for the serious student, are the volumes of the Cambridge Ancient History, which as they come out, cannot be neglected. For the rest of the continent, the classical work is The Races of Europe, originally delivered as the Lowell Institute Lectures (Kegan Paul. 1900). Much has been written and learned since this book was published, but it will long remain a standard work of reference.

On the special question of the Indo-European races, naturally of first interest to those who belong to them, Les Indo-Européans, by Albert Carnoy (Bruxelles: Vromant et Compagnie) is perhaps the best book; but for those who do not read French—indeed for all—The Home of the Indo-Europeans, by Professor Bender of Princeton (Princeton: Princeton University Press) will be found quite excellent. The Peoples of Europe, a small book, by H. J. Fleure (New York: Oxford University Press. 1922) can be recommended, as well as The Races of England and Wales, by the same author (London: Benn Brothers. 1923).

Let it be noted, in conclusion, that, as the intention is to deal with recent literature, all allusions to such classics as Tyler's Primitive Culture and similar works which were published in the past, have been omitted.

Glorious Apollo, by E. Barrington. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. $2.50.

THE liberation of Greece and Italy, the new poetry, the life of Walter Scott, the Oxford Movement—even the renaissance of Catholicism in England—each in its own way lends a sort of authentic glamor to the dying gesture of Lord Byron at Missalonghi.

Apollo, as everyone knows, had a bad ancestry and a horrible youth. He was deformed, neglected, ill-educated, committed to the care of valets and old wives, and, at intervals, to the ministrations of his virago of a mother who, alternately, showered on him caresses and abuse. The result of this training was that he grew up morbidly sensitive and childishly self-conscious. The last handicap resulted, however, in an interesting gesture of self-perfection, early in life. At nineteen, although only five feet eight, he was extremely fat. At nineteen, the corpulent adolescent went down to Newstead Abbey and gave himself over to three years of austerities which might have been envied by a solitary of the Thébaïde. When he returned, he was, to adopt the dithyrambic tone of E. Barrington, "a veritable god, haughty, clear-featured, divine." Naturally, he became the idol of the Regency. He was designed to be a true product of that dull and devilish Hanoverian education, of which only too usual a fruition was to drink spirits, slaughter foxes, flout Catholics and dissenters, despise the arts, insult the poor, and then, at the climax of a career thus well spent in the service of God and man, to sink back into a gouty and rubicund senescence, consoled by the paintings of Frith and the unctuous viaticum of "morning prayer."

Whatever his follies or crimes, Byron early separated himself from this ignoble world, but he carried, throughout, certain of its marks. For example, he always professed to treat the production of fine literature as a mere pastime of which, as a peer of the realm, he was not a little ashamed. When one had the luck to be able to pen verses of a facility and fire equaled by none, it was all very well, but his true avocations were to be the best swimmer and horseman in the United Kingdom.

Wordsworth, of all writers the most religious (in a sense) of Byron's generation "filled him with aversion." He thought the reviewers quite justified in "stifling" Keats. Time after time he thus derided his God. And this attitude was but one of several brilliant poses, the net effect of which is to reveal their possessor as one of that type, familiar to psychoanalysts, who never really become men. Their souls, to employ the only conceivable word, do not advance in proportion to their virility or their intellectual powers. In this sense, Byron was truly the first Byronic. On a grand scale, observed of all observers in Europe, he went through all the exhibitionism later to be exploited parochially by the youths who adored his memory and aped his gestures—the pose of platonic friendships with schoolmates, "friendships resembling passions," the pose of calf-love, of literary glory, social glory, the glory of lost causes, a marriage like a melodrama out of Dickens, a dark mysterious wickedness—down to the last pathetic and futile gesture off the Gulf of Corinth in which there was pose also, but which was not so futile after all, since God then intervened and made of it the birthday of a new and, doubtless, a cleaner age.

It is amusing to think that women have done their worst by Byron, from Caroline Lamb who commenced Glenarvon when he was hardly out of England, through Mrs. Stowe in the sixties who blackened his character with all the pertinacity of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Beacon Hill spinster, down to E. Barrington. The female instinct was quick to sense that, although they first loved him, fatally and often to their own cost, he did not really love them at all. Only by an abuse of language can the attitude of Byron toward women be called love.

After the first dozen chapters, which get underway in a somewhat creaky and amateurish fashion, E. Barrington gets down to the great business of the book which is a vindication of that wronged angel, Lady Byron. One might think that "wronged" was the last word to apply to a woman who suddenly, without a word of explanation, withdrew herself and the idolized child from her husband, leaving him to ruin his life with her image falling ever athwart the lamps, and to die in a foreign land with her name upon his lips. That has been the world's opinion on the whole, and it is far from unnatural. But no, says E. Barrington, it is all a cruel mistake, and the true victim of the cruelty was not the husband but the noble and unhappy wife. To say all, the scheme of his most daring poem, was not imaginary. Byron was really Manfred, and his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh, was Astarte. Lady Byron, all prepared to cherish her unhappy mate, when she thought him merely mad, left him when she discovered, through a Mrs. Claremont, a sort of grisly anticipation of Mrs. Stowe, that he was almost unimaginably depraved. Hence the refusal to discuss a reconciliation, and the long years of silence, unbreakable as that of the Himalayan snows. For E. Barrington, Lady Byron is little less than the grandest woman in the history of letters.

How much of the legend are we to believe now? There is abundant proof that Byron was brave, generous, and good in a dozen different ways. But, in his good as in his bad qualities, he was a child. It is notorious that there are children, who up to a certain age, seem to lack what is conventionally called the moral sense. It is overstating the case to say that this can only be supplied by the forces of environment and education. In the case of Byron the education was deplorable, the environment, in certain respects, abominable, and it cannot be said that he was even a Christian in any practising sense of the word. But when all is said that can be said of this beautiful and tragic figure, the fact remains that the child was also a great poet and a gallant man; Lord Verisopht did elect to become Apollo. We know that, in order to inherit some money, George Gordon became, toward the middle of his life, Noel Byron, a name which he affected to despise and really delighted in. Noel Byron! Did ever a name evoke a more perfect image of a spirited, pretty, utterly instinctive youngster, his naturally good impulses misdirected by fate and bad company, and his worst ones finding full play? It was not George Gordon, Lord Byron, who rated his rank above his genuis, insulted his wife, and wept for Lord Clare, swam the Hellespont and advertised it through Europe, wrote Manfred and Don Juan, almost killed himself with debauchery in Venice and finally died for Hellas; it was Noel Byron. Even the last adventure was the gesture of the small man—described by Mr. Nicolson as sitting "in his blue cap and white trousers, silent, morose . . . twisting his lace handkerchief between his small white hands" like a sullen youngster. All of which did not prevent him from both living and dying heroically in Greece. I would not be understood as saying that the liberation of "plausible rascals," as Byron called the Greeks, from the excellent Turk was, necessarily, a holy cause, in the direct line of the eternal warfare of God against His enemies. But the death of Byron in Greece happens to be the "assise sermon," as it were, of the liberation of Europe from the eighteenth century and the unholy alliance, and the fact that this was effected by a very sinning and unworthy instrument somehow enhances its dramatic grandeur.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Wild Geese, by Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. $2.00.

IF ONE'S critical approach to Wild Geese is more rigorous than that usually adopted in the case of first novels, the fault probably lies not so much in Miss Ostenso's story as in the particular circumstances under which it was launched. Wild Geese is the book which carried off the $13,500 prize offered several months ago for that first novel which should best satisfy the specified requirements of the publishing firm of Dodd, Mead and Company, acting in conjunction with a celebrated motion picture corporation. Anticipation, with the corresponding possibility of sharp disappointment, is aroused not only by the impressive bulk of the award itself, but also by the fact that, although there were 1,389 competing manuscripts, the decision of the judges—critics of national distinction—was unanimous. Wild Geese was chosen, so runs the announcement, "because of its universal appeal, its unflinching picture of life, and its compelling story." In view of all this, one may be acquitted, perhaps, of the mere desire to carp if one says, with mild decisiveness, at the end of a perusal of Wild Geese, that it is a fairly promising literary beginning, no more; that its story is meagrely developed and undramatically managed; and that, while there are indisputable touches of accurate observation and genuine poetry in it, and indisputable beauties of style, there is almost no sign of that creative interpretation of character by the authority of which every first-rate writer of fiction chiefly speaks.

Miss Ostenso's best strokes come in the limning of her background—some unspecified spot on the middle Canadian frontier which probably corresponds to the country where she has passed the twenty-odd years of her own life. Here she erects a community of Icelanders, Norwegians (her own people) Poles, half-breed Indians, and representatives of that stock which we still call merely "American;" and in recording the contrasts of these types, their humor, their unsuspected pictorial quality and elemental pathos, she achieves an unforcedly fine thing.

However, as soon as she undertakes to narrow and intensify her observations and to conduct a specific human drama across her admirably laid-on background, the unresourcefulness and lack of artistic decision of the literary amateur become curiously apparent. Her story centers about the rich farmer, Caleb Gare and his wife, Amelia. Amelia is the mother of an illegitimate son, Mark Jordan, who has grown into promising manhood in ignorance of his parentage. This fact Caleb has used as a whip over his wife ever since their marriage. His own passion is greed, and he forces Amelia, by threatening to tell Mark the truth, to acquiesce in his enslavement of their children to his ever-growing acres. One of these children, Judith, breaks away with her lover. The others are delivered by an act of Providence in the shape of a flax-fire which causes their father's death.

The first fault of the novel is its failure to give any sense of the expansion or organic inter-relation of character. It is full enough of illustrative incidents, but they are all, as it were, statically illustrative. They do no more than repeat the tight, undeviating little formulae in which the characters were originally given to us. Further, they are not woven together

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to sustain and carry forward the story; with the result that, when the novelist really needs something done that is vital to her purpose—for instance, the carrying off of her villain from this earthly scene—she has prepared no agent, no train of inevitable circumstances, for the work, and is forced to invoke a wholly accidental fire. Another, and greater, deficiency, artistically considered, is found in Miss Ostenso's neglect of the dramatic possibilities of her material. Amelia and Mark, the suffering mother and the unknowing son whose relationship is the basis of the whole story, are brought together but once; and then their meeting is recorded so hurriedly and evasively that the reader does not even retain a separate memory of it. Similarly, the conflict between Caleb and Judith—"Judith vivid and terrible," the author calls her, "who seemed the embryonic ecstasy of all life"—is under-realized; although there are indications in this case that Miss Ostenso at least addressed herself to the problem.

In conclusion, a lesser fault, but still one to be mentioned, is the interference with unity of impression, which is wrought by the intrusion into the story of Lind Archer, the school teacher. This outsider, who originally seemed introduced to provide an impersonal centre to the novel, is speedily absorbed into its fabric by becoming the fiancee of Mark Jordan. In consequence, she loses her clarifying and objectifying function; and a story which was already Judith's story, Caleb's story, Amelia's story, is now subjected to further division by becoming Lind's story, as well.

MARY KOLARS.

The Spirit of Music, by Edward Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

ACCORDING to the publisher, Professor Dickinson's latest volume was inspired by a remark of Leopold Stokowski's. The Titan of contemporary conductors was denouncing "the hyenas . . . the critics who try to make people understand music—what people need is to be made to love it more;" an idea having profound implications. Debussy, for example, continually noted in his critiques the love which certain composers showed their art, thus crowning their effort; and he paid his homage to any spark of the magic fire, rather than to any amount of technical resource or emotional artifice. Hence, if a lack of love is discernable in the creative ranks, where it would seem reasonable to accept it on faith, what is the prospect for those evangelists who, like Professor Dickinson, labor amongst the multitude? To say it lacks seduction is to tacitly salute their industry.

Passing from the inspiration to the title of this book (even though this was not the order of its conception) it will be found unduly ambiguous—for it presages a thesis implying universality, whereas, its realization is simply a plea to have our country recognize the civilizing influence of music; and the title's only justification is the copious quotation from writers upon aesthetics.

The author is professor of the history of music in Oberlin College and a well known writer upon his subject. The volume under review appears to be addressed both to musicians and laymen, the author following the "humanistic" arguments: "I plead," he says in his introduction (the most concise writing in the book) "for a liberalizing of criticism by which those who assume to act as guides to musical understanding shall avoid dogmatisms, prejudices, and special advocacies, and turn criticism into a living, creative current, running in coöperation with all human progress in thought and feeling." Elsewhere, he deplores the inadequacies of the music departments of the universities, offering the mellow criticism and counsel of his experience to tyros in musical evangelism; but optimism simpers throughout the book—except in those instances when he considers the methods of approach to music advocated by his brothers in pedagogy. It is evident that, whilst artistic expression is "a very personal matter," pedagogic approachs to music are hardly less so, each, in turn, believing his sentiments to be the ideal direction. The author's style is the sort of cozy eloquence that inspires Mr. Mencken and "the cultured minority" to verbal violence.

The author has not the comprehensiveness necessary for so large a synthesis as he apparently set out to produce; in no respect is the volume above the average of its genre; and above all, Professor Dickinson's aesthetic outlook belongs to the dark ages. In a time when hardly an established principle of music remains unchallenged, and this with a vigor not seen since the seventeenth century, for a volume to come out unavailing itself of musical intelligence congenial to the author's lay contemporaries, is something of a phenomenon.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Scruples: Words of Consolation, by Patrick J. Gearon. Dublin: The Talbot Press.

THIS little volume with the secondary title, Words of Consolation, was published originally in Australia where it attracted no little attention. It now has been republished in Ireland, and in the course of a few months it has had a large sale. It deserves this attention because it treats a difficult subject well and practically.

Very properly there is an introduction by a physician for, after all, scrupulosity is one manifestation of psychasthenia.

Scrupulosity is an anxiety-neurosis to be classed among the dreads. The dread of sin, which is the basis of scrupulosity, is exactly paralleled by the dread of dirt to which the Greek name misophobia has been given. The wanting to go to Confession frequently, corresponds very closely to the frequent washing of the hands on the part of the misophobics who, as the result of this, develop all sorts of skin trouble and have to be put under discipline to prevent worse ills.

When the scrupulous come to realize that, as a rule, instead of being eminently pious individuals to whom has been granted a meticulous sense of sin, that other people can scarcely understand, they are, in so far as their scruples are concerned, just nervous patients suffering from a dread, their cases will be much easier to treat. Above all, they will learn that they must mistrust their own feelings and the curious darkening of counsel that comes from the "smoked glasses" they wear.

Father Gearon has given a number of rules with regard to the spiritual direction of the scrupulous. He emphasizes particularly that the sufferer must learn to neglect his dread. He must not fight against, but ignore his scruples. To fight against them is often merely to emphasize them. "When the confessor has once suspected that the matter under consideration is a scruple, the penitent must make no mention of it in Confession. Every time a scrupulous person examines his conscience, even for one second, on his particular source of worry, on each occasion that he makes the slightest reference to it in Confession, even in a general way, he is prolonging the agony." Saint Francis of Assisi used to say—"The next worse thing to sin is anxiety." Saint Teresa put it—"Nervous depression is, at bottom, selfishness." Father Gearon's book undoubtedly will be helpful to both the scrupulous and the directors.

JAMES J. WALSH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Catholic Teacher's Companion, by Felix M. Kirsch. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.75.

THE Church in her battle against that triple entente—ignorance, indifference and irreligion—must supply her men-at-arms and her ladies heroic with worthwhile ammunition. The conduct of the warfare may change from age to age, but soldiers must be able always to handle their weapons. Nor can they set light store by the quality of these weapons which call for infinite care, and demand to be everlastingly refurbished.

Now these necessities are never lost sight of in an old-age warfare, the epic of which still waits upon a modern Virgil with a new Arma virosque cano. You can measure the worth of those arms by far-flung schools; you can catch the battle spirit by noting the wide-eyed attention displayed as the captains bravely move on forward and higher; and you can envisage their magnificent endeavor in the deathless loyalty of their pupils, no less than by their own brave declaration of rights and duties upheld in all circumstances, always and everywhere.

Father Kirsch's book deals with the aims, problems, and procedure of the Catholic teacher. All are there, translated into fresh forms, fit for the age, athrob with energy, and dynamic with the urge of duty. It is saturated with common sense, alive with sympathy, and warm with encouragement.

Written with unflagging vigor and an earnestness deepened by many days' work in the classroom, these pages, direct in appeal and rich in storied example, stir the teacher to new effort. The chapter on Securing the Coöperation of the Parents, and the author's treatment of that thorny topic, punishments, are admirable.

Nowhere in the book can you find that smug satisfaction which is the bane of so much soi-distant modernism, and which makes more than a few indoor school worthies resemble—as a spent star once put it—"a rack of dumb-bells!" On the contrary, Father Kirsch's pages are instinct with energy, courage, and awareness; his pen runs strong and lucid as becomes the Franciscan accustomed to field and study. The author is no armchair critic, but one who has done spade-work in schooldom as these well-stacked sheaves testify. Obviously, he is an active servant drawing forth from his treasury, new things and old. Our instructors will be better equipped for having made their own, The Catholic Teacher's Companion.

JOSEPH DUNNEY.

Along the Road, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

THE grand tour is suspected of boredom. That rather contradicts popular conception of its broadening influence. This opinion has the support of Emerson, who regretted, upon his return from Europe, ever having left Concord. True, too, there are few of us—admitting that we travel for cultural improvement—who could not learn more from carefully reading John Addington Symonds's books of the Italian renaissance, than by a year's sojourn in traveling in Italy. In Along the Road is fused stimulatingly shrewd observation, ideas, and an active imagination.

For past years, many have made it a practice to visit Europe in the spirit of Innocents Abroad. It must be confessed that such is not the manner of Huxley, who, although far from gentle, writes with understanding of the past, intellectual curiosity, and some insight into future developments of the old-world nations.

The method of Huxley is off the beaten path and far from the de luxe style of travel. His journal is not only intelligent, but inclusive of the many human touches and homely details that happened to him along the road.

The absorbing book of travel takes its color from the personality of its writer. Thus, we find in Huxley, the discursiveness of the older essayists, blended with the clipped manner of modernity. He has compressed sensitively, cynically, much of life and art, in his brittle, epigrammatic style. Against the background of time and thought, the contemporary scene is thrown into high relief, and he engages it with his wit and good nature.

The contents of this excursion abroad has been divided into four parts—travel in general, places, works of art, along the way. Here we have a compilation of points of view and phases of traveling in France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and the Alps. Here, too, are the seven arts and history, constantly intermingled, and the philosophers adding their comment.

The section dealing with places, projects Holland in an original and picturesque impression. Works of art bring the old masters under review. The technique and theories of painting are examined with admirable notations.

Altogether, Along the Road is a highly entertaining, brilliant, civilized adventure, informative, and spiritedly written.

EDWIN CLARK.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1925, edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: B. J. Brimmer Company. $3.00.

THE thirteenth annual volume of Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology is not marred by its unfortunate ordinal number. There have been ups and downs in these annual volumes for which Mr. Braithwaite is not to be praised or blamed—the war years were particularly grievous periods in poetry and his arrangements of some of these contemporary singers may be regarded in a way as arraignments.

Some of his present-day poets, laureated by reprints of their poems in this, his thirteenth volume, have returned to the freedoms of Parnassus, their white choir robes dry-cleaned by the post-war repentances and the beautiful forgiveness of editors and publishers.

There is no question that Mr. Braithwaite's faithful devotion to poetry has resulted in the recognition of some of the best of modern American poets—he has given a dignity to our national muse that it sadly needed in the face of insular indifference and prejudice of too many British critics, who seem to feel that the slopes of Parnassus and the Vales of Tempe are all too beaten down already by British feet. Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology might be enlarged greatly to include many poems of equal merit with many of those he favors—it might also be shortened with distinct cultural improvement as our national banner might be said not to suffer if it had fewer stars.

A desire to encourage too many singers rather minimizes the general effect of all Mr. Braithwaite's work, but when everything is carefully considered, his books are by far the best record we possess of the poetry of the last decade, and form a really valuable library of reference. Among the Catholic poets whose work is quoted in the new volume, we noted the names of Dorothy Haight, Francis Carlin, Mary Dixon Thayer, George O'Neil, Henry Longan Stuart, J. Corson Miller, Thomas Walsh, and Kathryn White Ryan.

THOMAS WALSH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World Court, by Antonio S. de Bustamante. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THE American Foundation Maintaining the Peace Award, pledged as it is to uphold the World Court, could not have found a better way to advocate the child of its adoption than by publishing Judge Bustamante's scholarly book. He is the historian rather than the special pleader; and by drawing upon a vast personal experience with attempts to organize international jurisprudence, he lends enthusiasm to his painstaking record of events. Judge Bustamante believes that the World Court of the League is the final outcome of an age-long desire for a judiciary competent to arbitrate disputes between nations, and potentially powerful enough to insure the enforcement of some, at least, of its decisions.

The reader will find a detailed account of the Hague peace conferences and of the negotiations which adjoined the World Court to the League. More important probably, in view of contemporary discussion, is the analysis of how the Court is organized, conducted, and supported. It is of interest to note that Judge Bustamante deals with the whole matter as a Latin-American idealist justly proud of the contributions made by his race to the development of international law. He expresses again and again his confidence in the progressive betterment of the human scene, and finds it difficult to understand what he calls the dilatory and suspicious foreign policy of the United States. But most of us are likely to find an explanation in the fact that Judge Bustamante is a supporter of the League, and that he is eager to see as close as possible a relationship between the two agencies created at Versailles.

For better or for worse, the government of the United States has chosen to discountenance the League. Does not that imply a negative attitude toward the World Court which, as Judge Bustamante plainly says, "is the advisory organ of the League of Nations"? Every thinking American citizen, whether or not he favors organized internationalism, ought to read this sane, richly documented, and logical treatise on a great contemporary institution.

Things Seen in Edinburgh, by E. Grierson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

Things Seen in Constantinople, by A. Goodrich-Freer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

Things Seen in Switzerland, by C. W. Domville-Fife. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

THE City of Edinburgh presents a scroll of glories and historical vicissitudes that make it a fascinating spot for the visitor. The devotion of its people to their ancient relics, the wars of Catholics, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians for supremacy in its storied churches and castles, the rugged nature that surrounds the city, all combine to make the details of Mr. E. Grierson's Things Seen in Edinburgh of special charm.

The character of multum in parvo is well illustrated in Mrs. Spoer's (A. Goodrich-Freer) Things Seen in Constantinople, the fascinating metropolis of the East. Constantinople is a civilization by itself, apart from the East, as is Paris from the rest of Europe. Its story is highly complicated, dramatic and picturesque.

Switzerland at any season is an inspiring playground and a glorious health resort for all the world. Charles W. Domville-Fife gives us his impressions of Things Seen in Switzerland in winter—a snow-white lofty paradise on the Alps, beautiful both in its summer greens and blues, and its beauties of winter.

T. C.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I must, at all costs, finish reading this proof early this evening," announced Miss Brynmarian from the window seat. "I am going to see Ben-Hur, which everyone says is a wonderful picture—and I do not mean to be late!"

"Is Ben-Hur one of your favorite characters?" asked Dr. Angelicus, from the depths of his easy chair, smothering a yawn.

"More than a favorite character. There is a spiritual kinship between us," replied Miss Brynmarian, pathetically holding up a dozen long galley proofs. "You see, I too, am a galley slave."

Whereupon she resignedly took up her blue pencil and was soon lost to all but type.

Silence fell upon the Library, to be broken presently by the entrance of the Editor, bearing a sheaf of manuscripts, who exclaimed—"Oh, for a Shakespeare!"

"Is the poetry, then, particularly unappetizing this week?" asked Dr. Angelicus.

"Poetry! If that were all that worried me, I should be happy," replied the Editor. "Words are what annoy me—words, words, words!"

"Because?" asked the Doctor.

"Because there are too many of them in all these manuscripts—which have to be paid for at so much a word, I beg you to recall."

"True—but why would Shakespeare as a contributor help that situation any?" asked the Doctor. "I thought he was one of the worst offenders against longevity."

"The length of the manuscript does not matter so much, for it can always be cut—especially where the author repeats himself," said the Editor. "But these authors who have enormous vocabularies, and who never use the same word twice—they are the ones who turn the hair of editors white and cause them to lose sleep o' nights. Now Shakespeare, according to Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, managing editor of Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary, only had a vocabulary of 23,000 words. But that of the well-schooled professional man of today, he says, totals 25,000, or more! You can see that this has its deadly effect on the manuscripts submitted by our contributing doctors, lawyers, etc."

"Another argument against education," murmured Tittivillus in the Doctor's ear.

"Think of Woodrow Wilson, using in three of his books, 60,000 distinct words!" exclaimed the Editor, wearily.

(*Continued on page 308*)

One Macmillan Book a Week

THE VATICAN MISSION EXPOSITION

A Window on the World

By Rev. JOHN J. CONSIDINE

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (Maryknoll)

"'The Vatican Mission Exposition' by the Rev. John J. Considine, is an interesting description of the exhibit arranged in the Vatican gardens for the instruction and edification of Holy Year pilgrims to the Eternal City. Generously interspersed with illustrations, the work will serve as a lasting reminder to those who have seen the exhibits, and will prove to the less fortunate a fascinating revelation of the far-reaching work of the Church and her missionaries in spreading Christ's kingdom."—*America.*

Price, $1.40

At your book store or from

60 Fifth Avenue THE MACMILLAN COMPANY New York, N. Y.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Dallas San Francisco

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4th Printing

THE EVERLASTING MAN

By G. K. CHESTERTON

"One of the most important books of our time. Should make a profound impression upon contemporary thought"—*William Lyon Phelps.*

"Chesterton's masterpiece—no more arresting account of the gospel has ever been set down"—*Bertram C. A. Windle.*

$3.00 at all booksellers

DODD, MEAD & CO.,
443 Fourth Avenue New York

Memorial Stained Glass Windows
FRANZ MAYER OF MUNICH, Inc.
JOSEPH P. KELLY, *President*
1220-1222 Woolworth Building, New York
Telephone Whitehall 3631

MOUNT DE SALES ACADEMY
At CATONSVILLE, five miles from Baltimore
Under the supervision of the Sisters of the Visitation
***Courses in* Music, Languages and College Preparatory**
Write Directress for Catalogue
Affiliated with the Catholic University of America
RESIDENT AND DAY PUPILS

THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW

An illustrated critical review covering all that is best in Catholic art of the past and the present.

ARCHITECTURE—PAINTING, SCULPTURE AND DECORATIVE ART —LITURGICAL ART—MUSIC—POETRY—THEATRE

Published every two months

THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW
13 Maple Street London, W. 1, England
Price: $3.00 *per annum, post free*

PRINTING SERVICE

Our working force is composed of trained men, selected because of their ability and willingness to make extreme efforts to satisfy our customers.

This feature of our organization accounts to a large extent for the long list of representative concerns that have continued to send us their printing orders for many years.

May we estimate on your printing?

Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Commercial Printing

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
Cor. Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

"Is that what they mean when they say an author is 'Wordsworthian?'" asked Tittivillus.

"Now one can see the insidious consequences of the familiar advertisements which cry—'Increase your vocabulary!'" reflected Dr. Angelicus . . . "I am sad this afternoon," he continued irrelevantly.

"But you haven't yet seen the estimate on these articles," said the Editor. "Why should you be sad?"

"I'm sad over our poets," replied the Doctor. "In fact, I fear for their reason."

"Does it seem any more jeopardized than usual?" asked the Editor.

"Well," said Dr. Angelicus, "I have just been reading our poetry index, and I find among a comparatively few poems, the titles of many which cause me concern, while three actually give me grave anxiety. Here, for instance, is Julio Herrera Reissig, who contributed a poem entitled The Lunatic Festival; while close on his heels followed Madelon Stubbs, poetizing on Madness; and as though these were not enough, George O'Neil brings up the rear with a sad verse entitled Touched."

"Perhaps," said the Editor hopefully, "they aren't really that way. What about the others?"

"Almost as bad," replied Dr. Angelicus soberly, "for isn't melancholia a distinct sign of mental derangement? What do you think these other titles would indicate?" And the Doctor began to read lugubriously—"Moon-Lost—My Shadow—Farewell and Farewell—Endings—Mid-March Dispute—Rain at Night—The Old Nun—Scars—The Old Woman of Beare—Vain Seeking—Sorrow's Ladder—At Ellis Island—April Skies—Ballad of Dead Griefs—Chanson Triste—The Inebriate—Loneliness—Sightless Hearts—Sonnets of Death—Time and Grief—Trop Tard—Yesterday a Dream Died—A Young Girl's Grief—and, oh, woe is me!—Tears Against the Moon!"

"What a mournful category!" exclaimed Miss Brynmarian. "But I know what we can do," she added brightly.

"What?" asked Dr. Angelicus sceptically.

"Why, give the poets a party, and cheer them up!"

"It might do if we could secure a padded room," pondered Angelicus.

"The right sort of a party will change their tenor, I'm sure," went on Miss Brynmarian excitedly. "We could have lovely decorations, and ice cream, and paper hats, and a vaudeville"—

"And dancing!" concluded Tittivillus with enthusiasm.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES A. MCMAHON is the editor of the National Catholic Welfare Conference Bulletin.

D. W. FISHER was formerly a member of the department of philosophy at Dartmouth College.

ELIZABETH WARD PERKINS is co-author with C. H. Woodbury of The Art of Seeing.

MARGARET ADAMS SCHMIDT is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

HAROLD VINAL, poet and publisher, is the editor of Voices.

PADRAIC COLUM is the author of Wild Earth, The Children Who Followed the Piper, The Voyagers, and other books.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER is the president of Columbia University, and the author of True and False Democracy, Education in the United States, and Scholarship and Service.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER, formerly of Notre Dame University, is the author of The Catholic Spirit in English Literature, and philosophical and literary contributions to the magazines.

MARY DIXON THAYER, contributor of poetry and short stories to the magazines, is the author of Songs of Youth, and New York.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is instructor in English at the Kent School, Connecticut, and a contributor to the critical reviews.

WALTER V. ANDERSON is a musical critic in New York, and was formerly the secretary of the International Composers' Guild.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., writer and lecturer, is the author of The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries.

REV. JOSEPH A. DUNNEY is superintendent of Catholic schools of the Albany diocese, and the author of The Mass.

EDWIN CLARK and MARY KOLARS are contributors of literary criticism to current publications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED